THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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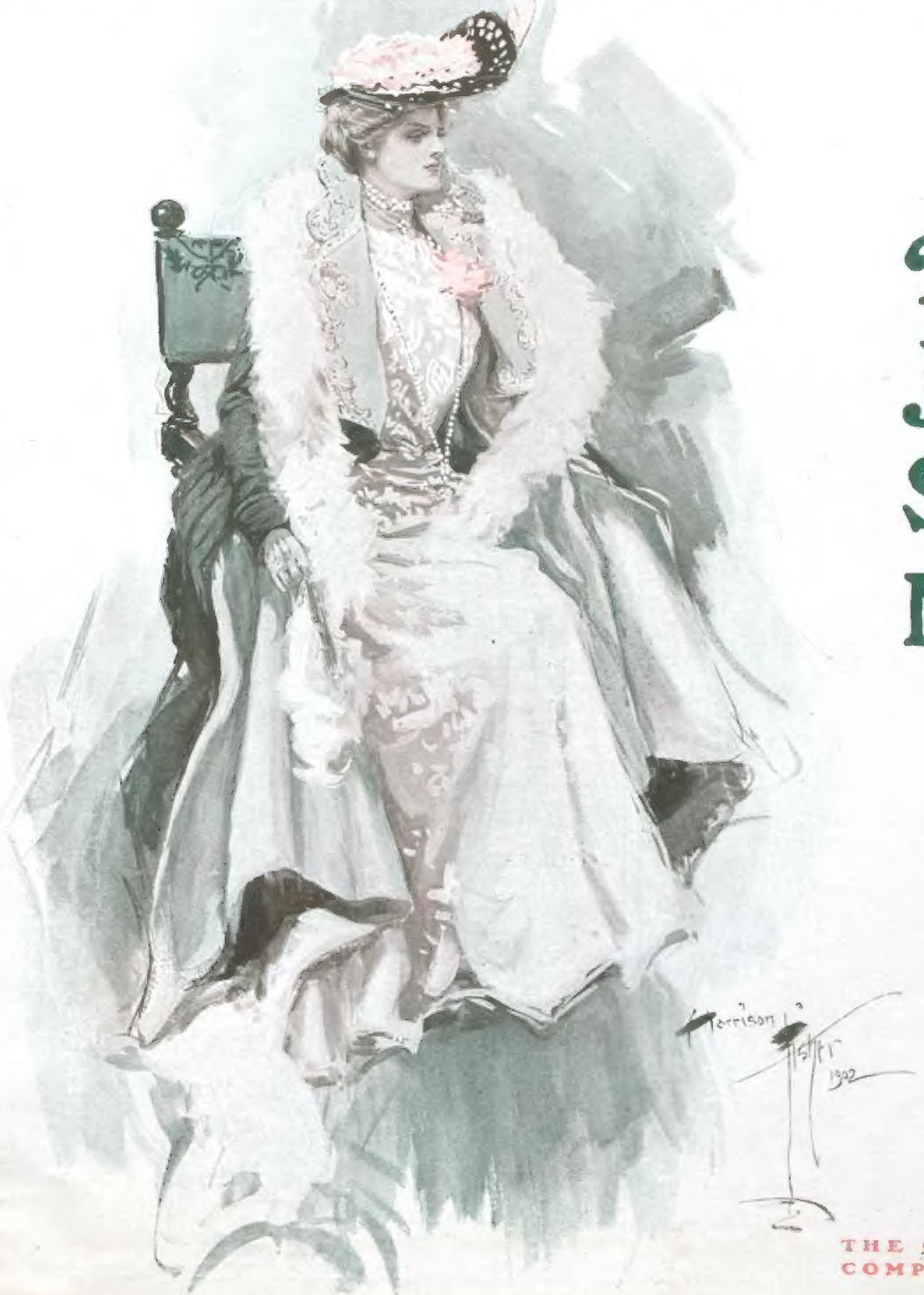

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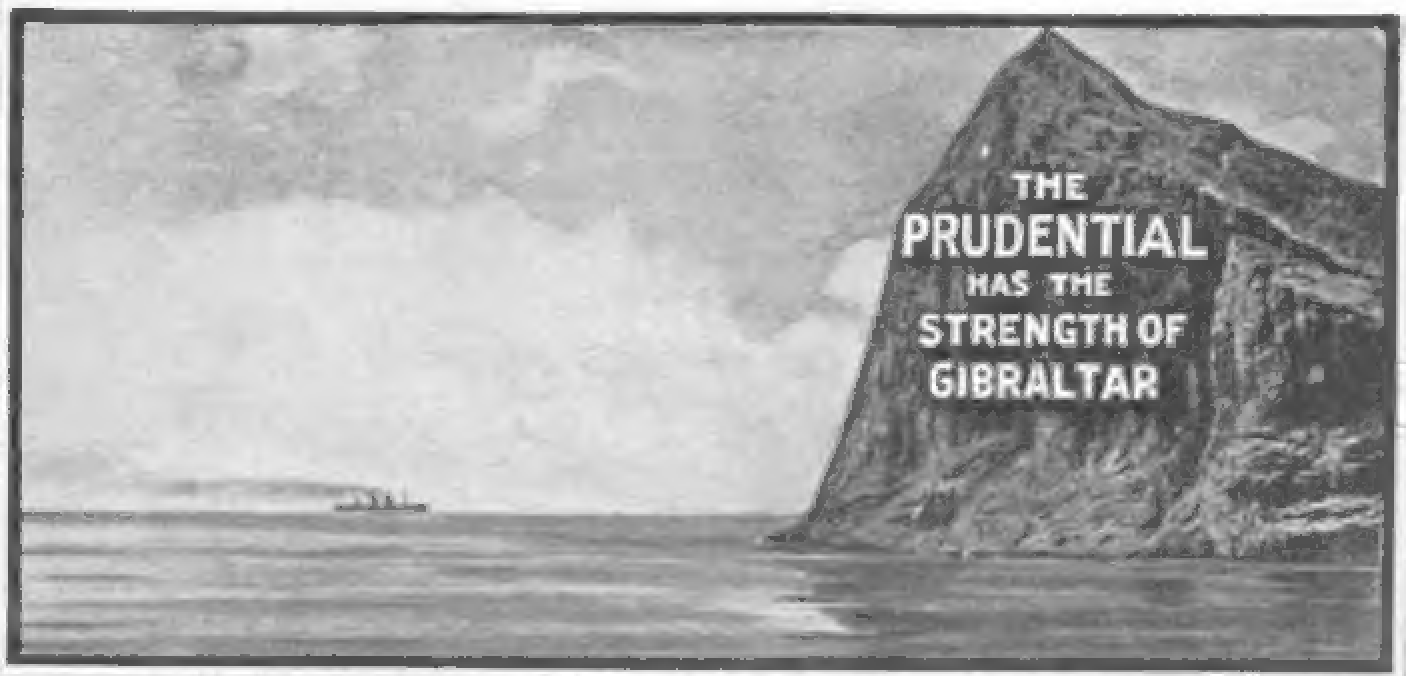

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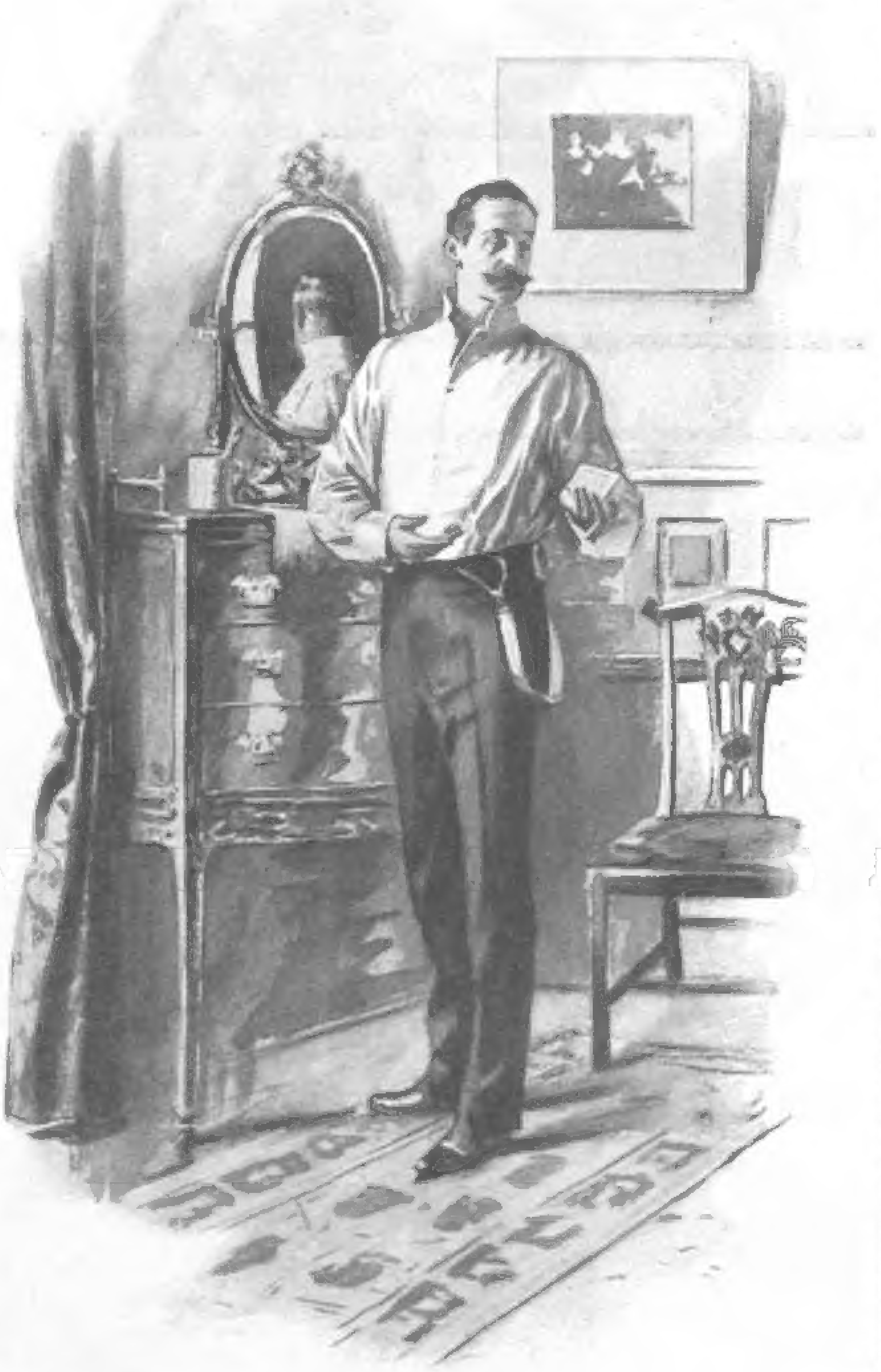

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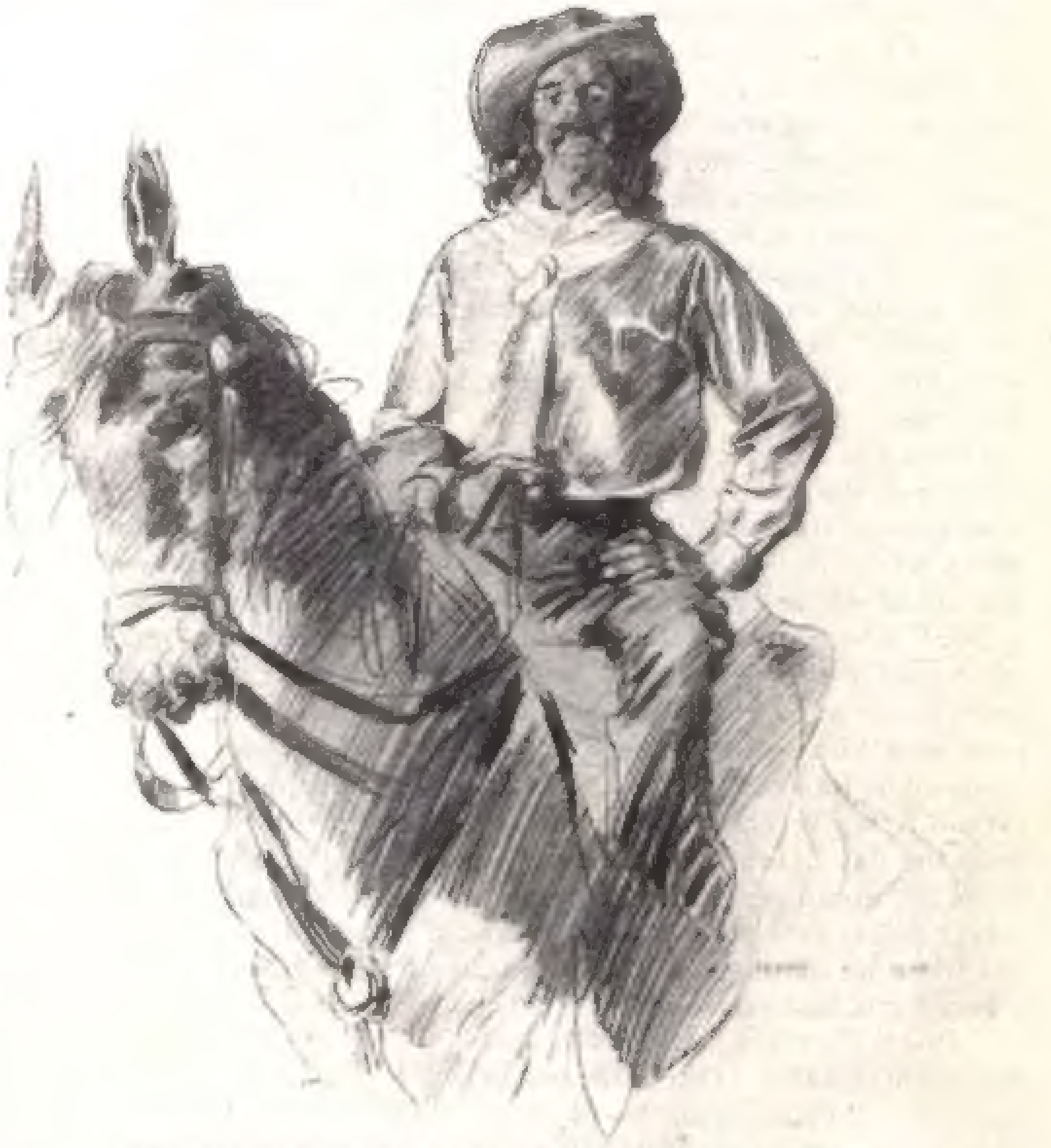
Tales of a Country Town

The Identification of "Bronco Jim"

By GEORGE ADE



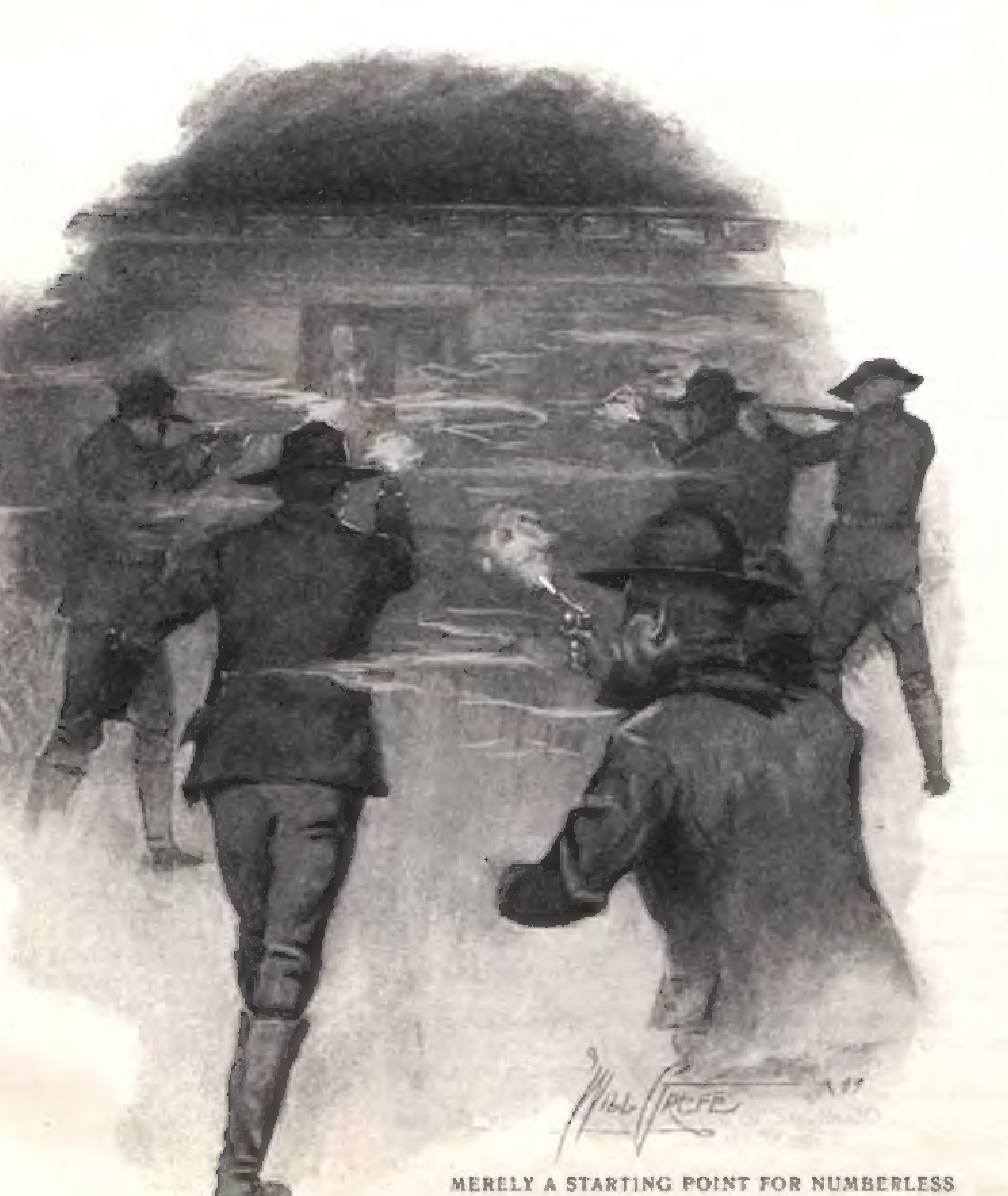
HE WAS THE SCOURGE OF THE BORDER

JAMES TIBBETTS went away from Musselwhite in 1873 as a well-behaved agriculturist, seeking the cheap lands and boundless opportunities advertised in the railway stations. He came back in 1883 as "Bronco Jim," wearing the white hat of the Western cavalier. For nearly twenty years thereafter he picked out the soft spots in Musselwhite and sat upon them, sighing for the wild life of the West.

Except for the ten years during which he was the scourge of the border, James Tibbetts' career was an open book to all of Musselwhite. He had grown up in the hazel brush away back in the muskrat days. He had a war record, to which he seldom reverted, inasmuch as there were remaining in Musselwhite three men who distinctly recalled the circumstances under which he was drafted. The story was one that shed no glory upon the name of Tibbetts. It ran to the effect that Jim, by happy coincidence, went fishing on the very day that drafting began at the court-house. Fishing was so good that he remained in the woods for a week. When they finally sought him out, in order to give him an opportunity to serve his country, he was found in an improvised teepee two miles above the Sewell ford, subsisting on catfish and blackberries. Some people were sufficiently cruel to say that Jim tried this aboriginal mode of life in order to harden himself for his Indian fighting, which came along some ten years later.

His brief service at the front, which won for him the title of "hospital inspector," and his uneventful years in and about Musselwhite were matters of record, but his ten years in the West were enveloped in mystery, which Jim sometimes sought to deepen rather than dispel. It was known that during the greater period of his absence the Weekly Messenger had been mailed to a town in Northern Nebraska, but Jim explained that this town was merely a starting point for numberless excursions fraught with danger — a base of supplies, as it were, from which he radiated in all directions at the stern call of duty.

The tantalizing part of it was that no one in Musselwhite could successfully contradict any of the tingling narratives with which Jim whiled away the long winter evenings and the long summer days at Talbot's store. There was no denying that Jim had been "out West" somewhere for ten years and that he came back with a white hat and a revolver of prodigious size, and immediately installed himself as chief story-teller. It was well enough for the envious to suggest that he had bought the hat and the revolver at a Chicago department store on his way back, but they had no proof to back up their doubts.



MERELY A STARTING POINT FOR NUMBERLESS EXCURSIONS FRAUGHT WITH DANGER

For fully a month after his return, in 1883, "Bronco Jim" chafed and champed for the open range, the swish of the lariat and the cheerful bark of the six-shooter. He felt himself confined and cramped in Jefferson County, for there was a fence every half mile or so, and the clumps of soft maple trees shut out the sweep of horizon which, at the best, would have shown as a ragged fringe of cornstalks. No doubt the nomad of the plains would have returned to the hunting-grounds had it not been for two large and restraining circumstances. He was called home to assist in the settlement of his father's estate. In the division of the property he found himself possessed of a good quarter-section. Then he married a quarter-section owned by the Widow Evans. The revenues from three hundred and twenty acres were sufficient guarantee of a living that would be free from toil or worry. So he moved into the Widow Evans' cottage and became one of the fixtures of Musselwhite, a domesticated warrior who dwelt musingly upon the dangers that he had encountered in gulches and foothills, holding the younger generation spellbound for hours at a time.

Sometimes the fever would get into his blood and he would have to go into the vacant lot back of the Fredericks' livery stable and shoot at a mark. This blazing away at inanimate objects was but a poor imitation of the royal sport of killing redskins, and usually he went at it with an apologetic and half-hearted lack of enthusiasm. To the boys on the fence it had the semblance of real warfare, inasmuch as "Bronco Jim" would make believe, in order to revive happy memories, that the target was a skulking Indian.

Very often he would say to the line of admirers perched behind him, "Boys, s'posin' that door was a Sioux." Then he would fire six shots in rapid succession at the inoffensive door propped up about fifty feet distant, each shot taking immediate effect.

Only the fervid imagination of a small boy could transform a discarded door into a painted savage, yet this dramatic performance had a wonderful charm for the boys of Musselwhite. They, at least, were free from the doubts and small jealousies which pervaded the adult portion of the community. Every one of them believed that Jim Tibbetts had left his full quota of chiefs mouldering on the plains, while his half-guarded and rather modest admissions as to the taking of life suggested many harrowing adventures in which he had taken part, but which, for some mysterious reason, he did not choose to relate.

Conceding that he may have left much untold, there is no denying the fact that what he told, in detail and fortified by the records at Washington, if they could be examined, made up a series of perilous events worthy of being put together in an epic poem. For instance, think what it must be to win the passionate affection of a chief's daughter, thereby incurring the deadly hatred of the chief, and being compelled to make a desperate ride for life right through the hostile country with bullets zipping all about!

Could any one blame "Bronco Jim" for repeating many times certain words spoken to him by Nelson A. Miles: "I want this here dispatch to git through on time, Jim, and you're the only one I can trust to git 'er through."

Those who sought to belittle the achievements of "Bronco Jim" said that he claimed to have been present at every engagement during the 'seventies with the exception of the Custer massacre, and the only reason he missed that was that all the whites were killed. However, it came out at Talbot's store one evening that he had warned Custer. Sitting Bull he had known intimately, but he had always mistrusted him, and whenever he had an interview with him, in the Sioux language, he invariably sat with his back to a tree and his faithful Winchester laid across his knees. Bill Gunning, who had the gift of cross-examination, wanted to know what he did if there was no tree handy. "Doc" Clevison volunteered an explanation — no tree, no interview.

One name studded most of the narratives—the name of Choctaw Bill. Jim did not say that he and Choctaw Bill had slept under the same blanket every night for five years, but that such a degree of intimacy existed was to be inferred from the easy and familiar manner in which he made reference to the famous scout. As, for instance: "Whenever I started out on a ticklish job, it allus made me easier in my mind if I could have Bill along, an' Bill didn't much care to tackle anything out o' the ordinary unless I'd agree to stay by him."

Jim had purchased from a traveling agent Choctaw Bill's book, sold by subscription only, entitled Personal Recollections of Life on the Border. He had made marginal notes all through the work, mostly corrections. He did this in no spirit of carping criticism, but with a friendly desire to make the book accurate. For instance, Choctaw Bill, in telling of the massacre at Butler's ranch, writes: "The Indians approached from the east just at sunrise, in full paint and feathers, chanting their battle-song." Jim had underlined this passage and then written on the margin, "Wrong, Bill; they come from the west." It was a small point, to be sure, but why not get everything right while you're about it. So argued James Tibbetts.

When Jim was not present at the daily gathering in Talbot's store or on the store boxes in front, "Doc" Clevison, the town homœopath, frequently would express the conviction that Jim was a liar. Not an ordinary garbler of facts, but a colossal liar, all of whose operations were in the realm of pure fiction. "Doc" Clevison remarked upon the fact that "Bronco Jim" often told of the breaking of Indian ponies that went ten feet into the air at every buck, and yet no one in Musselwhite had ever seen him riding horseback. Jim told of desperate missions right into the heart of the hostile territory, and yet the Grand Army veterans were witnesses to the fact of his eating soap the day before Chancellorsville and being carried to the hospital, groaning audibly. He loved to tell about hitting a silver dollar two times out of three at a hundred paces, and yet when he indulged in target practice back of Fredericks' livery barn, he invariably selected the old door as a target.

"Doc" Clevison had but few ambitions in this life. One of them was to expose "Bronco Jim"—to show him up to all of Musselwhite as a fraud and a pretender. This desire was somewhat actuated by an intense personal jealousy. "Doc" Clevison had a private stock of narratives. He had killed two hundred brant and geese in one day with a common muzzle-loader and he had landed the largest blue cat ever taken out of the Kankakee River. But what were fishing and hunting stories when measured alongside of scalpings and tomahawkings? Why should a company listen to duck stories when it could get bear stories from a man who was willing to remove most of his clothing, if necessary, in order to show the scars?

On various occasions "Doc" Clevison had tried to trip up Jim and cover him with confusion. One evening (again at Talbot's store), after Jim had concluded a story regarding Rain-in-the-Face, "Doc" Clevison looked across at him seriously and asked, "Jim, did you ever run across a Sioux chief by the name of Blue Thunder?"

"Never knew him very well," replied Jim. "Saw him once or twice in the Snake River country. I bought a buckskin pony once from Blue Thunder for eight dollars and afterward sold it to Cap Dillon for forty."

"What kind of a lookin' fellow wuz he?" asked Doc.

"Tall and light-complected," said Jim. "I think he wuz a half-breed."

"It's funny that you'd remember him so well," said "Doc" deliberately, "becuz there never wuz any chief of that name. I thought the name out myself."

A painful silence ensued, with "Bronco Jim" looking very hard at "Doc" Clevison.

"There *wuz* a chief by that name an' I knew him as well as I know you," said Jim; "but he wuzn't a Sioux—he wuz a Brule."

How was "Doc" Clevison to demonstrate, being put upon the defensive, that there never had been a chief named Blue Thunder? The victory lay clearly with "Bronco Jim."

At last "Doc" Clevison's opportunity came. Choctaw Bill's Wild West Show and Traveling Exposition of Life on the Plains was billed to appear at Logansport. Excursion rates were being offered on all converging railway lines. "Doc" Clevison's plan was to take Jim Tibbetts into the presence of Choctaw Bill and demand verification and corroboration. When Jim learned that Choctaw Bill was to appear in Logansport and that the Pan Handle had made a round-trip rate of $1.50, including a ticket for the grandstand, he did not manifest the keen enthusiasm that might have been expected of one who had the opportunity to renew hallowed associations.

"Goin'?" asked Bill Gunning.

"Nope—don't believe I will," replied Jim. "It's an old story to me. Besides, it's a mighty poor imitation of what we went through out there. I don't see no particular fun in gallopin' around in front of a lot of women and children, an' breakin' glass balls an' so on."

"Won't Choctaw Bill be expectin' you?" asked "Doc." "He knows you live here, don't he?"

"Last time I saw Bill we had a few words," said Jim; "nothin' very serious, but I don't know as I'd care to make up with him unless the first move come from him."

"Jim, he'd be tickled to death to see you," said "Doc." "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay your way over an' take you into the show if you'll agree to go."

"I'll think it over," said Jim cautiously; and that evening, for the first time in years, he seemed disinclined to tell of Choctaw Bill and life in the Indian country.

By diplomatic persistency, "Doc" induced Jim to promise to go to Logansport. But when the fateful morning came and "Doc" stopped in to get Jim and escort him to the station, the veteran scout and trapper was found to be indisposed, with a sort of a dizzy feeling and a strong conviction that it was duty to remain at home and "take it easy."

"Git out! You're all right!" exclaimed "Doc," hitting him on the back. "Never seen you lookin' better. Le' me examine you." The examination showed that pulse and temperature were normal and digestion unimpaired. Jim put on his Sunday suit, as in a waking dream, and permitted "Doc" Clevison to lead him to the station. Jim made no outward sign of being happy. Not even when he arrived at the station platform and was loudly greeted by Bill Gunning and Henry Talbot and Baz Williamson, all of whom seemed to be in a condition of almost hysterical gayety. They were overjoyed at the prospect of being witnesses to the meeting of "Bronco Jim" and "Choctaw Bill." Jim stood apart from them and gazed meditatively at the long line of freight cars on the siding. He had the appearance of a man who lacked a plan of campaign.

Fortunately for James Tibbetts he had a nephew—a ripening attorney with a local reputation for shrewdness and the deft use of the English language. Some of his more hopeful friends were predicting that he would develop into a Beveridge or a Voorhees. Homer Tibbetts was at the station to take advantage of the excursion rate. He overheard the gleeful comments of the conspirators and saw the unmistakable look of gloom on his uncle's face and understood the situation.

All the way to Logansport "Bronco Jim" evinced a pensive interest in the growing crops, but was in no mood for conversation. They arrived at eleven o'clock and the show did not begin until two.

At 11:30 the great Choctaw Bill, seated in his private tent, received the card of Mr. Homer Tibbets, attorney-at-law. He suspected that Mr. Tibbetts wanted two free tickets, but he consented to see the gentleman.

The future U. S. Senator seated himself on the camp-stool pointed out by the remarkable character with the overflow of hair and the eagle eye.

"I'll come right to the point," said Homer Tibbetts. "Did you ever know a man named Jim Tibbetts?"

"Tibbetts? Tibbetts?" repeated Choctaw Bill. "It seems to me that a fellow by that name used to work on my ranch in Nebraska."

"He's my uncle Jim and he knows you a good deal better than you know him. He has talked you up for years and he sleeps every night with your book under his pillow. I don't suppose that any other man in the United States has given you half the free advertising that you've got out of my Uncle Jim. We will admit, Mr. Choctaw Bill, that my uncle is the infernallest liar that ever drew the breath of life. But he has been a good liar—a consistent liar, and in all of his lies you have appeared to advantage. Well, he's up here today and he's got with him a lot of doubting Thomases who expect to bring him around to see you and thereby show him up. So I'm appealing to you to be a good fellow. I want you to recognize him when you see him. Call him by name. Recall a few incidents of the Sioux war and then offer to give him a ticket to the show. It's all right. He's got his ticket."

Choctaw Bill smiled a grim and sympathetic smile.

"I never went back on a friend," he said.

"Uncle Jim is getting on in years," continued Homer. "His whole future as a liar is now in your hands. You can save him from disgrace and humiliation."

"Give me a few pointers," said Choctaw Bill, picking up a pad of paper.

While Homer was giving the renowned scout and buffalo-killer a few hitherto unsuspected facts concerning his own career, "Bronco Jim" was standing in front of a large billboard, making a most important discovery. He was gazing at a colored three-sheet poster of "Choctaw Bill" and shaking his head doubtfully.

"'Doc,' do you know what," he asked, "I don't believe this is the real Choctaw Bill at all. The one that I seen out West had a knife-mark down one side of his face an' allus wore a goatee."

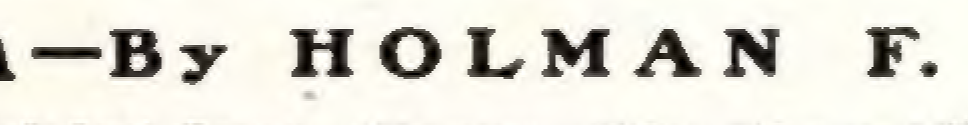
"Well, if this one's a fake, you ought to face him and tell him so," said "Doc." "But I don't believe he is. Anyway, we'll go out and hunt him up."

They loaded "Bronco Jim" on to a trolley-car and he rode out to the show lot, overburdened with the dull

(Continued on Page 21)

A Ballad of White Water Men—By HOLMAN F. DAY

A Driving Camp "Deacon-Seat Come-All-Ye"



COME all ye good White Water Men, come listen unto me,
'Tis all about Mike Corrigan, as ye shall plainly see;
'Tis all about thot Blue-Nose chap they call Mike Corrigan,
Who made his fame and got the name of the best White Water Man.

(Yis, sor, I do think I can make so bold as to say thor' worn't a man bechune Caucomgomoc and Sunkhaze thot would take to white water like thot same P. I. (Prince Edward Islander), Mike Corrigan. The boss he says when Mike hired, "And be ye a white water man?" "Yis, sor," says Mike; "at t'ree ye'r old I lived in Pugwash and I wor doin' drivin' stunts wid clothes-pins in the soapsuds where me mither wor washin'. I've been in white water iver since.")

I tell ye now and I tell ye true, thor' niver wor a hitch
Or dam or jam he wouldn't ram in a freshet drivin' pitch.
He'd take his pick-pole in his hands, his life bechune his teeth,
And down he'd go in the hullabaloo churned white by the rocks beneath.
He broke the jam at Sourd-na-hunk and he done it with a saw—
A cross-cut gashin'-fiddle that he yanked ur-r rick, ur-r raw!
The jig he played with that rusty blade it worn't no op'ry tune,
But a bustin' bind-log's good to hear when behind ye's Drouth and June.

(Yis, sor, I do figger that Mike saved the comp'ny from havin' the whole drive hung up right thor' in Sourd-na-hunk Rips. Wouldn't no one else take the chances thot Mike did. How did he git back to shore, do ye ask? He had us bend down a big ash tree, clear over to the ground. The rope thot wore hitched to Mike's waist wor hitched to the top of the tree. When the jam busted we let the tree go whish-h-h! Snapped Mike right up into the air more'n a hundred feet.)

Now listen, all White Water Men, oh, have ye ever heard
Of how Mike played be beaver once, then went to playin' bird?
He ris' so high he jabbed the sky and scratched across the blue
With the old pick-pole thot saved his soul when down to ground he flew.
He braced himself right out arms' length and speared the solid ground,
The pole stuck slantin'-dicular and Mike went whizzin' round—
A-whizzin' round and round and round until The Old Cat Died—
And Mike's red hair it scorched the air till hunks of wind were fried.

(Yis, sor, and after all he'd done for the comp'ny, when the boss come to settle with Mike, as soon as the drive wor down, he see'd thot Mike wor slow in figgers like ither men that take leanin's to great doin's. He charged Mike with t'ree pair of rubber boots from the wangan store. "And I niver had but the one pair, bless ye," said Mike. "Thin ye admit the one pair ye had?" said the boss. "Yis," says Mike. "Well, thot's one pair and we'll set down the figger right here where ye can see it. Then there's the pair ye didn't have, ain't there?" "Yis," says Mike, "there was thot pair." "There's another figger 1 for them. Then there's the pair as ye's ought to have had, eh? Ye can't deny it." "No more can I," says Mike. "Well, there's three ones, and, me good man, iv'ry schoolbye knows thot three ones make three. Ye owe for three pairs of rubber boots, 'cause figgers don't lie.")

Oh, 'twor all on Ambejejus Falls where the waters they be wild,
And a pile of hemlock jack-strawed up wor criss-crossed, slewed and piled,
And thor' worn't no man but Corrigan would take the job to do,
For he was the best White Water Man e'er sawed a bind-log through.
He left his pole and his peavy too, and he only took his ax,
And smooth and slick he chopped thot stick with a dozen hefty whacks,
We 'lowed he wor caught and we niver thought we'd see Mike any more,
But he took and he kicked a bubble up and he rode all safe to shore.
So it's whoop, men, all for Corrigan—he wor the kind for me;
He always spent his season's pay in one night, good and free.
Of all the boys thot bucked the broth the best White Water Man
Wor the Blue-Nose who had grit for two—(*final words are always spoken*)—the brave Mike Corrigan.

How Roosevelt Got His First Second-Term

"THEODORE, why don't you go into politics?"

This question marks the literal beginning of a political career which has brought Mr. Roosevelt, still in what Victor Hugo calls "the old age of youth," to the Presidency, and to extraordinary popularity with the masses of the people, irrespective of party. It was addressed to him at a man's dinner at the house of one of his friends in Madison Avenue, New York City, in the first week of September, 1881. He was not yet twenty-three years old; graduated from Harvard in 1880 he had been writing a book—his History of the Naval War of 1812, which was about to be published; he had not chosen a profession, but was strongly inclined to historical writing and had invested a part of his small inheritance in a publishing house.

The conversation at that dinner had been on politics. One of the young men was assisting William Waldorf Astor to manage his campaign for Congress, and Roosevelt was interested in and amused by the description of the methods of that famous canvass which was to end in Mr. Astor's ludicrous failure after weeks of abhorrent self-degradation to handshaking and backslapping with all manner of low persons. Finally, the young campaigner, having told how easy it was to "break into" politics if one had the right sort of "pull," put the question which begins this article.

Young Roosevelt shook his head. The profession wasn't alluring, he said; he didn't like the methods or the early associations. New York City was overwhelmingly Democratic; there were local and legislative conditions of hopeless yet black corruption; besides, he had no "pull." No, he would not go into politics—at least, not just yet.

If the conversation had turned to other subjects, in all human probability, as will presently appear, Roosevelt would never have been President. But his friend persisted, no doubt having seen in his earnestness of thought, look and speech a valuable aid to Mr. Astor's canvass, should he consent to take part in the campaign. The upshot of a long talk was that Roosevelt promised to go with Mr. Astor's lieutenant to the headquarters of the assembly district in which he lived—called the "Diamond-back district" because it included the residences of the richest New Yorkers of that day.

Roosevelt went to the Republican headquarters in Fifty-ninth Street near Lexington Avenue, was introduced to the leader, Jake Hess, and "the boys," liked them, was liked by them. They were casting about for a candidate for the Legislature who might have a chance against the Tammany candidate. Roosevelt was of an old New York family of excellent reputation—that meant "silk stocking" votes; he was a natural democrat and "mixer"—that meant votes from the "plain people"; he had ideas of purifying politics and public affairs, and talked as if he believed what he said—that meant support from the independents, whom the rascality of both machines had made numerous. The hard-pressed Republican heelers went over the situation thoroughly and at last offered him the forlorn hope—the Republican nomination for the lower house of the Legislature—the Assembly.

He took it; he made a "strenuous" house to house, "liquor store" to "liquor store" campaign; he was elected by 1528 plurality, though Astor lost that district.

If there is one public position that more than another is likely to discourage a young aspirant for a political career and drive him from politics in disgust, it is member of the lower house of a Legislature. And in those days in New York State, although they were the days before the Bosses, the conditions were much worse than to-day. The corruption, instead of being concentrated, secret and adroitly disguised as it is now, was open and shameless and personal. Now, corrupting corporations traffic with the Boss for the delivery of the majority *en bloc* to the support of a measure, and the Boss divides the "campaign contribution," less his liberal "rake off," among his followers; at that time each legislator sold his own vote for a flat bribe, paid by a lobby. A majority of the members of the Assembly to which Roosevelt was elected were baldly for sale—enough Republicans easily purchasable to piece out the purchasable Democrats into a majority. And the venal members "sold out" cheap—a lot of piffling rogues. But they were, most of them, good-natured withal, full of natural wit and the spirit of mutual helpfulness, and curiously unconscious of their own depravity; and they liked Roosevelt and he liked the many decent qualities there were in the least repulsive of them. It is not hard to guess why he was put on the Militia Committee—in the photographs of him in those youthful days he looks much as he looks to-day.

There came before that Assembly in March, 1882—less than three months after he took his seat—the opportunity for him to be President of the United States twenty years later.

The inside ring of New York City's elevated railroad company had in the summer and fall of 1881 perpetrated a flagrant criminal swindle with the aid of the Attorney-General of the State and a Justice of the Supreme Court. The facts were notorious and included such corrupt audacities as the Attorney-General's deliberately arranging a suit so that the inside ring of the railroad company could not but win it, and as the Judge's holding court in bedrooms and in the offices of the ringsters there to legalize and bulwark their corrupt acts. Every one in the State who took the slightest interest in public affairs or in New York City's conspicuous financial gamblers was talking of the scandal, was wondering whether there was really any decency or respect for decency left in the State's administration, any limit to the impudence or the power of rich rascals.

What Roosevelt Did When the Assembly Yawned

Up from New York City came a delegation of indignant citizens with all the facts properly arranged to back up their formal demands that the accused Attorney-General be punished and that the Assembly impeach before the Senate the Judge who not merely had smirched the ermine but had worn it while he wallowed in the mire. Some Assemblymen yawned over petition and petitioners, some laughed, some said that the scandal was infamous but shrugged their shoulders. And it did look as if to attempt to punish the judicial tool of the ring would be more futile than throwing straws at the wind. The Assembly was corrupt, naturally sympathetic with all corruption; the ringsters were powerful with the machines of both parties and had silenced or discouraged all the influential newspapers; both of the officials involved were Republicans. The petition was "referred"—that is, was sepulchred in the mortuary pigeonholes of the Judiciary Committee; the petitioners went sadly home. The "incident" seemed closed.

Young Roosevelt waited and watched and wondered. In his simplicity, in his newness to politics, he was amazed by such dealing with grave, practically undisputed charges against a judge. Every day he talked privately of the matter, insisted that the committee must and would report, that the Assembly must and would act. It seemed to him that if the Judiciary could be openly corrupt with impunity, the dissolution of society was at hand. When he saw that none of the older members purposed doing anything, that the leaders of his own party were resolutely for suppression, he announced to his acquaintances that he himself was going to make a fight.

Without an exception his friends begged him to be silent. "You will accomplish nothing," they said, "except your own certain destruction. Nobody will listen to your speeches—you won't even get newspaper notoriety. And you will be quietly dropped from public life because you attacked men high in your own party. Don't touch it, Teddy; it's loaded!"

This was obviously the counsel of experienced wisdom. So far as the clearest judgment could see it was not the moment for attack. Indeed, it looked as if attack would strengthen the hands of corruption by exposing the weakness of the opposition to it. Never did expediency put a temptation to conscience more insidiously.

It was on April 6, 1882, that young Roosevelt took the floor in the Assembly and demanded that Judge Westbrook, of Newburg, be impeached. And for sheer moral courage that act is probably supreme in Roosevelt's life thus far. He must have expected failure. Even his youth and idealism and ignorance of public affairs could not blind him to the apparently inevitable consequences. Yet he drew his sword and rushed apparently to destruction—alone, and at the very outset of his career, and in disregard of the pleadings of his closest friends and the plain dictates of political wisdom.

That speech—the deciding act in Roosevelt's career—is not remarkable for eloquence. But it is remarkable for fearless candor. He called thieves thieves regardless of their millions; he slashed savagely at the Judge and the Attorney-General; he told the plain, unvarnished truth as his indignant eyes saw it.

When he finished the veteran leader of the Republicans rose and with gently contemptuous raillery asked that the resolution to take up the charges be voted down. He said he wished to give young Mr. Roosevelt time to think about the wisdom of his course. "I," said he, "have seen many reputations in the State broken down by loose charges made in the Legislature." And presently the Assembly gave "young Mr. Roosevelt time to think" by voting not to take up his "loose charges."

Ridicule, laughter, a ripple—apparently it was all over, except the consequences to the bumptious and dangerous young man which might flow from the cross set against his name in the black books of the ring.

It was a disheartening defeat—almost all of his own party voted against him; the most earnest of those who ventured to support him were Democrats; perhaps half of those who voted with him did so merely because their votes were not needed to beat him.

That night the young man was once more urged to "be sensible," to "have regard to his future usefulness," to "cease injuring the party." He snapped his teeth together and defied the party leaders. And the next day he again rose and again lifted his puny voice and his puny hand against smiling, contemptuous corruption. And day after day he persevered on the floor of the Assembly, in interviews for the press; a few newspapers here and there joined him; Assemblymen all over the State began to hear from their constituents. Within a week his name was known from Buffalo to Montauk Point, and everywhere the people were applauding him. On the eighth day of his bold, smashing attack the resolution to take up the charges was again voted upon at his demand. And the Assemblymen, with the eyes of the whole people upon them, did not dare longer to keep themselves on record as defenders of a Judge who feared to demand an investigation. The opposition collapsed. Roosevelt won by 104 to 6.

On that day, April 13, 1882, his fame was established beyond the power of machine politicians to discredit it.

For the next six weeks the main matter of public interest was the investigation of the charges by a Legislative Committee—Francis Lynde Stetson, then a young Assemblyman, afterward Mr. Cleveland's law partner, laid the foundation of his reputation by his keen, merciless cross-examination of the witnesses. The revelations were shocking, were discussed everywhere, were the means of ending open corrupting and corruption of the Judiciary in the State of New York. And when corruption which has been open is driven to secrecy a great moral victory has been achieved; for, though secret corruption is dangerous, open corruption tolerated is mortal, rotting public conscience at its very roots.

The testimony triumphantly vindicated young Roosevelt. The Assembly Committee and afterward the Assembly half-heartedly whitewashed the men he accused. Nominally, the final vote was a defeat for him; actually it was a triumph. For, although the corrupt majority of the Assembly voted as its owners commanded, it visibly writhed with shame and guilt under the scathing denunciations he and his lieutenant poured upon it; and the next morning's newspapers showed that Roosevelt was the hero of the hour.

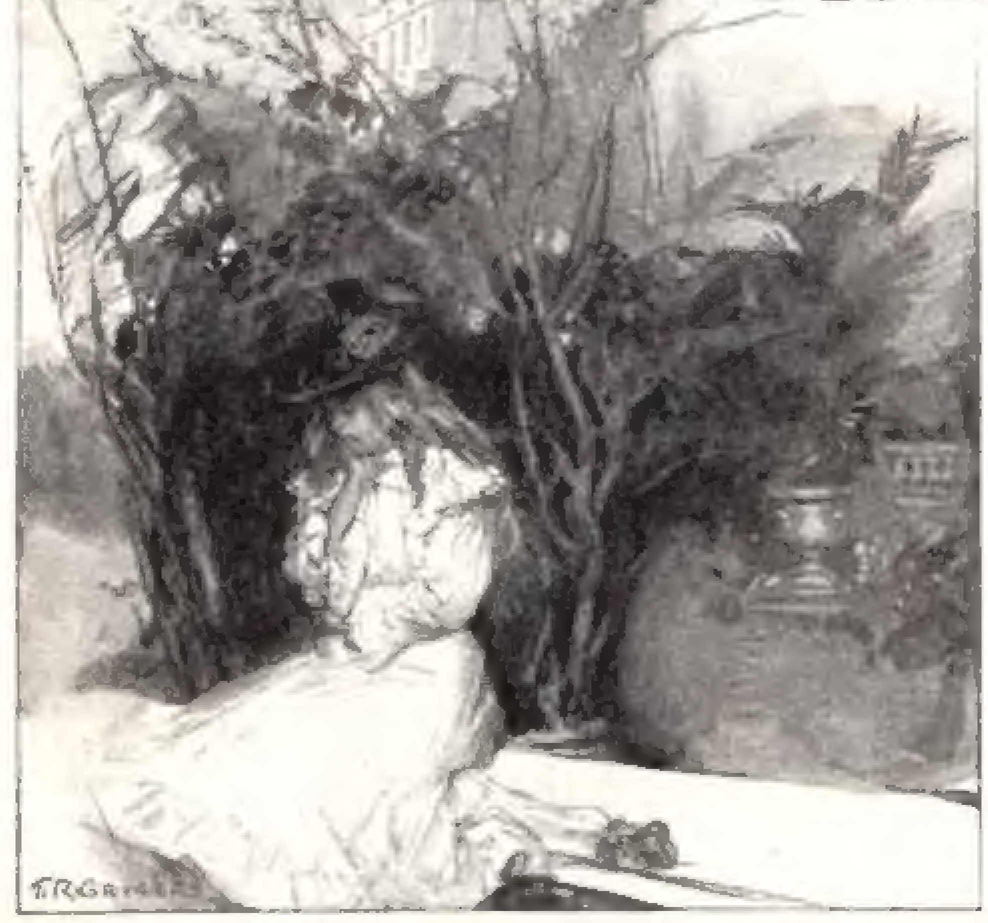
An early start, and a good one. It is worth recalling to a short-memoried public that thinks Roosevelt dates from San Juan four years ago, or from Civil Service Reform ten years ago. It is worth recalling to a generation of politicians that has forgotten the lesson of Cleveland and preaches and practices the gospel of expediency.

Indeed, it can do Mr. Roosevelt himself no harm vividly to recall it in these days of longing for a second term. For it got him a second term in the Legislature in a year when the Republican party was split in twain and was overwhelmingly defeated, losing the Twenty-first Assembly District except for member of the Assembly.

THE ADMIRABLE TINKER

By Edgar Jepson

Tinker's Foundling



A STRANGE, SHY, TIMID CHILD

THERE was on the face of Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh a sad, far-away look which gave him more than ever the air of a strayed seraph. It seemed to him that his wits had come to a standstill; for three days no new mischief had come the way of his idle hands, and his regular, daily mischievous practices had grown so regular as almost to have acquired the tastelessness of duties. The peculiar brightness and gayety of Monte Carlo life had begun to pall upon him. Loneliness was eating into his soul, for of the French boys who paraded the gardens of the Temple of Fortune he could make nothing. Their costumes, which were of velvet and satin and lace, revolted him; their lack of spirit, their distaste for violent movement, their joy in parading their revolting costumes filled him with wondering contempt. As for the little French girls, he was at any time uninterested in girls; and these spindle-shanked precocities walked on two-inch heels, and tried to fascinate him with the graces of mature coquettes. His politeness was hard put to it to conceal his distaste for them. Possibly he was hankering after a healthier life, but, at any rate, he who was generally so full of energy had mooned listlessly about all the morning.

During his mooning about he had passed several times a little girl who looked English. She sat on a seat in the far corner, a strange, shy, timid child, watching with a half-frightened wonder the strikingly-dressed women and children who strolled up and down chattering shrilly. He gave her but indifferent glances as he passed; but thanks to his father's careful training of his natural gift of observation the indifferent glance of that child of the world took in more of a fellow-creature than most men's careful scrutiny. He saw that she was frail and big-eyed, that her frock was ill-fitting and shabby, her hat shabbier, her shoes ready made, that she wore no gloves, and that her mass of silky hair owed its unsuccessful attempt at tidiness to her own brushing. He summed her up as that archetype of patience, the gambler's neglected child.

Just before he went to his *déjeuner* he saw that she was sitting there still. He took that meal with his father, Sir Tancred Beauleigh, and Lord Crosland; and instead of hurrying off directly he had eaten his dessert to some pressing and generally mischievous business, he sat listening to their talk over their coffee and cigars and only left them at the doors of the Casino. He strolled along the terrace moody again and disconsolate, able to think of nothing to amuse him, and as he came to the end of the gardens he saw a group of French children gathered in front of the seat on which the little girl was sitting, and coming nearer he heard jeering cries of "*Sale Anglaise! Sale Anglaise!*"

In a flash Tinker's face shone with a very ecstasy of pure delight; and he swooped down on the group. The child was clutching the arm of the seat, and staring at her tormentors with parted lips and terrified eyes. For their part they were enjoying themselves to the full: they had found a game which afforded them the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of effort; and just as Tinker swooped down a cropped and bullet-headed boy in blue velvet threw a handful of gravel into her face. She threw up her hands over it and burst into tears; the children's laughter rose to a shrill yell; and with extreme swiftness Tinker caught the bullet-headed boy a ringing box on the right ear and another on the left. The boy squealed; turned clawing and kicking on Tinker; and in ten seconds of crowded life had learned the true significance of those cryptic terms: an uppercut on the potato-trap, a hook on the jaw, a rattler on the conk, and a buster on the mark. He lay down on the path to digest the lesson, and his friends fled squealing away.

The little girl slipped off the seat and said "Thank you" between two sobs.

Tinker's flushed face was one bright, seraphic smile as he took off his hat, and with an admirable bow said, "May I take you to your people?"

The bullet-headed boy rose to his feet and staggered away.

"Uncle's still in that big house," said the little girl, striving bravely to check her sobs.

"That's a nuisance," said Tinker thoughtfully, "for we can't get at him."

"I think he's forgotten all about me. He often does," said the little girl without any resentment.

"I might bolt in and remind him."

"They won't let us in, only grown-ups," said the little girl. "Uncle tried ever so hard to get them to let me in; but they wouldn't."

"They're used to letting me in," said Tinker — "and hauling me out again," he added. "It brightens them up. You tell me what he's like."

Being a girl, the child was able to describe her uncle accurately; but when she had done Tinker shook his head: "He must be like a dozen other Englishmen in there," he said. "And they wouldn't give me time to ask each one if he were your uncle."

The little girl sighed, said "It doesn't matter, thank you;" and sitting down again on the seat resumed her patient waiting, drooping forward with eyes rather dim.

Tinker studied her face, and his keen eye told him what was wrong.

"Have you had *déjeuner?*" he said sharply.

"No-o-o," said the little girl reluctantly.

"Then you've had nothing since your coffee this morning!"

"No; but it doesn't matter. Uncle is rather forgetful," said the little girl; but her lips moved at the thought of food as a hungry child's will.

"This won't do at all! Come along with me; it's rather late, but we'll find something."

Her face brightened for a moment; but she shook her head and said, "No, I mustn't go away from here. Uncle might come back, and he would be so angry if he had to look for me."

Tinker shrugged his shoulders, turned on his heel and was gone. She looked after him sadly; she would have liked him to stay a little longer; it was so nice to talk to an English boy after ten days in this strange land; and he seemed such a nice boy. But she only drooped a little more, and stared out over the bright sea with misty eyes, composing herself to endure her hunger.

Tinker went swiftly to the restaurant of the Hotel des Princes, where the waiters greeted him with affectionate grins, and addressing himself to the manager set forth his new friend's plight and his wishes. The manager fell in with them on the instant, only too pleased to have the chance of obliging his most popular customer; and in five minutes Tinker left the restaurant followed by a waiter bearing a tray of dainties, all carefully chosen to tempt the appetite of a child. They took their way to the gardens, and the little girl brightened up at the sight of the returning Tinker; but when the waiter set the tray on the seat she flushed painfully, and though she could not draw her hungry eyes away from the food, she stammered, "Thank you very m-m-much. B-B-But I haven't any money."

Tinker gave the waiter a couple of francs and bade him come for the tray in half an hour. Then he said cheerfully, "That's all right. The food's paid for; and whether you eat it or not makes no difference. In fact, you may as well."

The child girl looked from his face to the food, and back again wavering, then said with a little gasp, "Oh, I am so hungry!"

Tinker took this for a consent, put some aspic of pâté de foie gras on her plate, and watched her satisfy her hunger with great pleasure, which was not lessened by the fact that, for all her hunger, she ate with a delicate niceness; for he had feared from her neglected air that her manners had also been neglected. After the aspic he carved the breast of the chicken for her, helped her to salad, and mixed the iced water with the *sirop* to exactly the strength he liked it himself; after the chicken he helped her to meringues, and after the meringues lighted the kirsch of the *poires au kirsch*, which he had chosen because it always pleased him to see the kirsch burn, and ate one of the pears himself while she ate the others. When she had finished her little sigh of content warmed his heart.

He put the tray behind the seat and settled down beside her for a chat. Now that she was no longer hungry she was no longer woebegone, and her laugh, though faint, was so pretty that he found himself making every effort to set her laughing. They talked about themselves with the simple egoism of children; and he learned that her name was Elsie Brand, that she was ten years old, two years younger than himself, that her mother had died many years ago, and that she had lived with her father in his Devonshire parsonage by the sea till last year, when he, too, had died. Then her Uncle Richard had taken her away to live with him in London. Her story of her life in London lodgings set Tinker wondering about that Uncle Richard, and piecing together the details Elsie let fall about his late rising, his late going to bed, his morning headache, and distaste for breakfast, he came to the conclusion that he was a bad hat who lived by his somewhat inferior wits.

At the end of her story he tried to persuade her to come down to the sea with him and seek amusement there. But he failed; she would not leave the seat. He gathered, indeed, from her fear of vexing her uncle, that that bad hat was in the habit of slapping her if she angered him, and for a breath he filled with a fierce indignation which surprised him: she looked so frail. But he did not ask her if it were so, for his delicacy forewarned him that the question would provoke a struggle between her loyalty and her truthfulness. He entertained her, therefore, with his reminiscences, and enjoyed to the full the admiration and wonder which filled her face as he talked. Absorbed in one another they paid no heed to the passing hours; and the sudden fall of twilight surprised them.

They began to speculate whether Uncle Richard had had enough of play, and would come and fetch her. But even now Elsie was not impatient, so inured had she been to neglect; she only looked anxious again. Tinker, on the other hand, was impatient, very impatient, with Uncle Richard, whom he was disposed to regard as a gentleman in great need of a kicking. Moreover, the chill hour after sunset, so dangerous on that littoral, was upon them; and he considered with disquiet the thin stuff of the child's frock.

Presently he said abruptly, "I've promised my father to wear an overcoat during the fever hour. I must be off and get it, and a wrap for you. You won't be frightened if I leave you alone?"

"No," said Elsie bravely, but her tone belied the word.

"Well, walk up and down quickly, so that you don't get a chill. If you keep near the seat your uncle can't miss you if he comes."

"Very well," said Elsie rising obediently. "Only, only — if you could get back soon."

"I will," said Tinker, and he bolted for the hotel.

Elsie walked up and down, trying to feel brave, but the odd shapes which the bushes assumed in the dim light daunted her not a little, and she strove to drive away the fancy that she saw people lurking among them. Tinker was gone a bare seven minutes; but to the timid child it seemed a very long while, and she welcomed his return with a gasp of relief.

He wore a smart, close-fitting, brown, racing overcoat which reached to his ankles; and for her he brought his fur-lined ulster.

"Here I am," he cried cheerfully; "get into this!" And he held out the ulster. She put her arms into the sleeves, and he drew it round her and buttoned it up.

"You are a kind boy," she said with a little break in her voice. A sudden, strong, but inexplicable impulse moved Tinker; he bent forward and kissed her on the lips.

While you might count a score the children stood quite still staring at one another with eyes luminous in the starlight. Elsie's face was one pink flush, and Tinker's was scarlet.

"That — that was a very funny kiss," she said in a curious voice.

"Oh, what's a kiss!" said Tinker with forced bravado, consumed with boyish shame for the lapse.

"I — I — liked it," said Elsie. "No one has kissed me since father died." And her breath seemed to catch.

"Girls like kissing," said Tinker in the tone of a dispassionate observer. Then he seemed to thrust the matter away from him with some eagerness; and slipping her arm through his he said, "Come on; let's walk up and down."

They walked up and down, chattering away till eight o'clock. Then he said, "My father will be expecting me; he dines at eight. Won't you come, too?"

"No, no: thank you. I must wait for Uncle Richard; I must really." But her arm tightened round his involuntarily.

Tinker thought a while. The gardens were brighter now. The stars were shining with their full radiance, and the lamps were alight, so that even their retired corner was faintly bright.

"Well, you go on walking up and down. You won't feel so lonely as sitting still; and I'll be back as soon as I can," he said, and off he went.

He found Sir Tancred Beauleigh and Lord Crosland beginning their soup, and sitting down he told them of Elsie's plight. They were duly sympathetic; and his father at once gave him leave to take some dinner to her and dine with her. Thereupon, after a brief, but serious, conference with the manager, Tinker departed, again followed by a waiter with a tray. Elsie had not looked for his return for a long while; and she was indeed pleased to be so soon freed from the struggle against her timidity. They ate their dinner with great cheerfulness and good appetite, and for an hour after it they chatted away happily. Then Elsie grew drowsy, very drowsy indeed, and presently, nestled against Tinker, she fell asleep. Fortunately, the southern night was warm, and in the fur-lined ulster she could take no harm. He sat holding her to him, listening to her breathing, looking out over the sea, and revolving many memories and more schemes, till at last the lights began to dance before his eyes, and he, too, fell asleep.

He knew no more till he was awakened by some one shaking his arm and found his father and Lord Crosland standing over them. The lamps of the Casino and the gardens were out, only the dim starlight lighted the scene. The two children sat up and stared about them, Elsie sleepily, Tinker wide-awake.

"We've found you at last. Hasn't your little friend's uncle come for her?" said Sir Tancred.

"No one has come," said Tinker. Sir Tancred and Lord Crosland looked at one another.

"Desertion," murmured Lord Crosland softly.

"Well, come along," said Sir Tancred cheerfully; "we must put her up for to-night."

The children slipped off the seat; Tinker put Elsie's arm through his, and holding her up when she stumbled over the long ulster followed his father and Lord Crosland. There were some empty bedrooms in their corridor; and Elsie was settled for the night in one of them.

Tinker awoke next morning very cheerful at the thought of having a companion to join in his amusements. He made haste to knock at Elsie's door and bid her come out for a swim before their coffee. She was soon dressed, and found him waiting for her. She flushed a little as she greeted him; and he greeted her with his seraph's smile.

"I thought you'd like a bath before our coffee," he said.

"It would be nice," said Elsie wistfully. "But my hair; it is such a trouble even without being wetted with sea-water."

Tinker looked at the fine silky mass of it, and said with sympathetic seriousness, "I saw it was beyond you; but we'll manage." He caught her hand, they ran down the stairs, out of the hotel, and most of the way to the beach. There he took Elsie to a ladies' bathing tent, and instructed the attendant to provide her with the prettiest costume she had; changed himself; and in five minutes they were in the sea. To his joy he found that she could swim nearly as well as he. But he was very careful of her; and the moment she looked cold he took her ashore.

They came back to the hotel very hungry; and Tinker led the way through the passages at the back of the hall, down into the hotel kitchen, where he was welcomed with affectionate joy by the kitchen staff. The end of a long table had been laid with the finest napery and plate of the hotel; they sat down at it, and were forthwith served with an exquisitely cooked dish of fresh mullet, wonderful hot cakes, and steaming cups of fragrant *café au lait.* As he breakfasted Tinker conversed with the chattering staff with a cheerful kindliness and a thorough knowledge of all their private concerns, keeping Elsie informed of the matters under discussion by such phrases as "It's Adolphe's wife; she beats him," or, "Lucie has consulted a fortune-teller, who says she is going to marry a millionaire," or, "Jean's eldest daughter has just made her first communion; they say she looked like a pretty little angel." But he did not tell her of the chaffing, but polite, congratulations heaped on him on the prospect of his settling down with his beautiful blonde demoiselle; he accepted them with a smile of angelic indulgence.

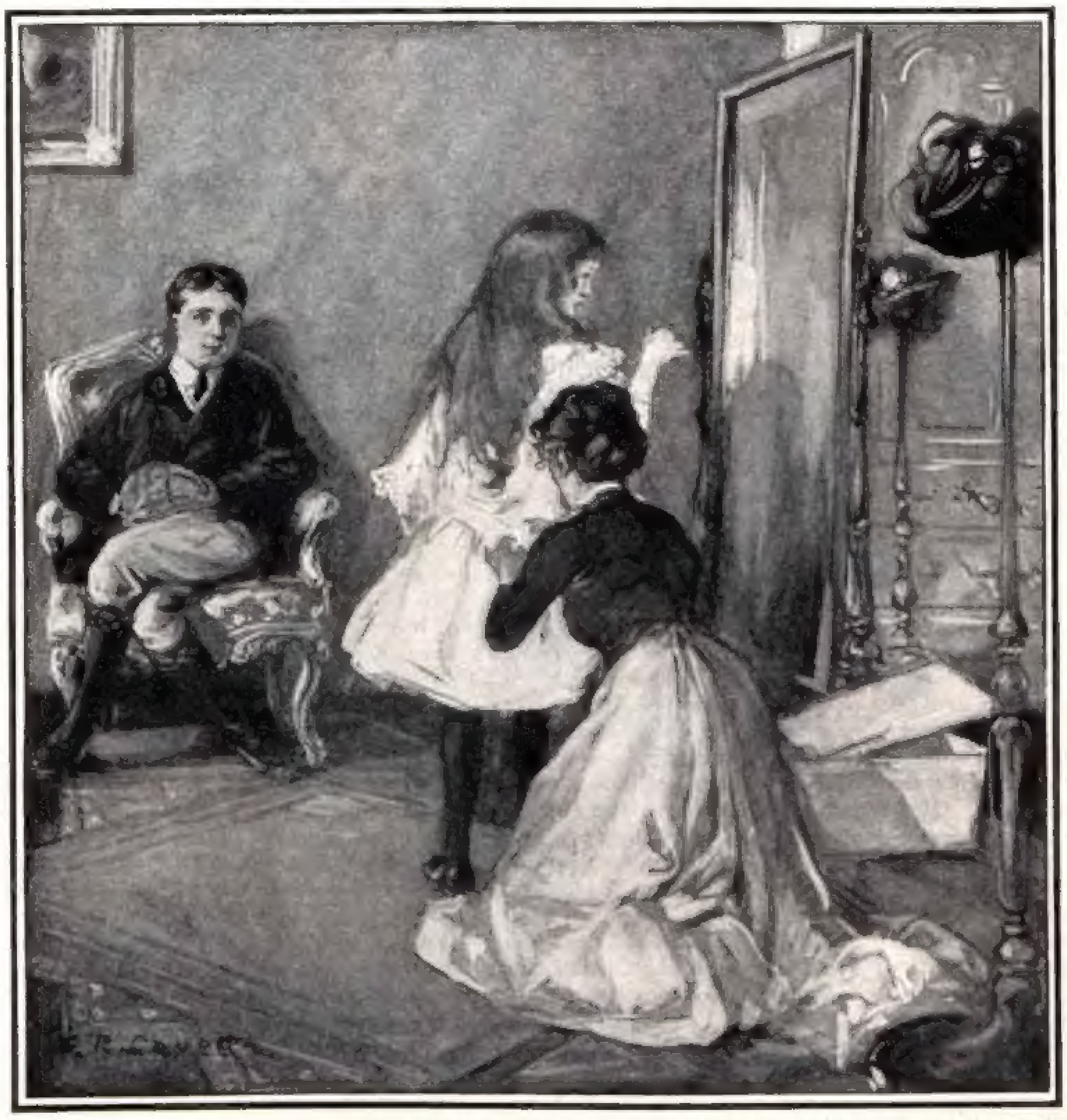
When they had done they went upstairs; and on the way Tinker said, "I must have a shot at that hair of yours; it—it really gets on my nerves."

"It's no use," said Elsie with her ready flush. "I brush it as well as I can. But I can't do it very well. There is such a lot of it."

"Well, I'll do what I can," said Tinker; and he measured with thoughtful eye the silken mass, tangled and matted by the sea-water.

He led the way into his room and set her in a chair, turned up his sleeves, took his hair-brushes, and began upon it. It was his first essay as coiffeur, but his natural and trained deftness stood him in good stead. He kept a watchful eye on her face in the glass, and whenever it puckered brushed more gently; but at times, in his absorption in his task, he so far forgot himself as to hiss like a groom cleaning a horse. In the middle of it Sir Tancred came in, and it was significant that he saw Tinker's occupation without a smile, made no joke upon it, but seemed to take it as the most natural thing in the world that his son should be discharging a function of the lady's maid. He greeted the children gravely, sat down, and watched the brushing with a respectful attention. Now and again he asked Elsie a question which seemed too idle to be impertinent, but her answers told him all he wished to know; and presently he felt with Tinker that her uncle was a gentleman in great need of kicking.

At last Tinker had finished; Elsie rose with a luxurious sigh and he looked at his work with fond pride; it was very beautiful, fine hair, and its sheen of changing lights well repaid him for his trouble. Sir Tancred proposed that they should stroll down to the Casino and find her uncle. Lord Crosland joined them in the hall and went with them. When they came to the Casino they found a little crowd already gathered about its doors, waiting for them to open. But Richard Brand was not in it, and at once Elsie's face grew anxious. As soon as the doors opened Sir Tancred went in to ask if her uncle had made any inquiries about her or left word where she might find him. In ten minutes he came out again and said, "No; he has made no inquiries. Suppose you stroll with Elsie along toward the Condamine, Crosland; that is the way he would come. Tinker and I will wait here." Lord Crosland looked at his face and said, "Come along, missie," and strolled off with the anxious child.



SET ABOUT MEETING HIS TASTE WITH THE LIVELIEST ENERGY

When they were out of hearing Sir Tancred said: "I'm afraid the child is in a bad mess. This disgusting uncle of hers lost every penny at roulette last night, and the authorities, with their usual kindness, took his ticket to London, and put him in the train with twenty-five francs in his pocket. He did not even mention the child."

"What a cad," said Tinker shortly.

"Well, she is on our hands, and we must look after her till we can make arrangements—deposit her in a home or something."

Tinker said nothing for a while; he seemed plunged in profound thought. He kicked a little stone ten yards away; then raised his eyes to his father's, and said in the firm voice of one whose mind is made up, "I should like to adopt her."

"Adopt her?" said Sir Tancred with some surprise.

"Yes; I should like to very much."

"Well, thanks to your industry in the matter of abducted children, you have a nice little income, so we needn't consider the question of expense. You can afford it. But in what capacity would you adopt her—as father, uncle, guardian, or what? The formalities must be observed."

"I think as brother," said Tinker.

Sir Tancred thought a while; then he said, "You will find it a great responsibility."

"Yes; but I don't mind. I—I—like her, don't you know."

Sir Tancred's stern face relaxed into one of his rare and charming smiles: "Very good," he said. "You shall adopt her."

"Thank you, sir," said Tinker; and his smile matched his father's. "And may I have some money to dress her? Her clothes are dreadful."

"They are," said Sir Tancred; and taking out his note-case he gave him a thousand-franc note.

"Thank you," said Tinker, beaming. "I'll break it to her about her uncle."

He hurried off toward the Condamine, and overtaking Elsie and Lord Crosland told her that it was all right, that they had arranged to take care of her for a few days, and carried her away to fetch Blazer, his bulldog, for his morning walk. It is to be feared that he gave her the impression that her uncle had been a party to the arrangement; but by a flood of talk he successfully diverted her mind from the matter. From an unworthy jealousy Blazer was at first disposed to sniff at Elsie; but when he found that she joined heartily in the few poor amusements the place afforded an honest dog, he became more gracious. The children made their *déjeuner* with Sir Tancred and Lord Crosland; and after it, having restored the reluctant Blazer to his lodging in the basement of the hotel, they took the train to Nice.

Tinker hired the largest *commissionaire* at the station, and bought a small trunk which he gave him to carry. Then he went straight to Madame Aline's, and having insisted on seeing Madame herself, explained that he wanted frocks for Elsie, and at once, but that the bright and elaborate fashions affected by the little French girls would not suit her. Madame agreed with him, said that she had them, but added, "Simplicity is so expensive."

Tinker waved away the consideration, and showed Madame the thousand-franc note. At once she fell a victim to his irresistible charm and set about meeting his taste with the liveliest energy, with the result that in less than an hour Elsie was provided with an evening frock of an exquisite shade of heliotrope, an afternoon frock of a no less exquisite shade of blue, and a hat, stockings and gloves to match. They were packed in the trunk; and with them two pairs of shoes which Madame sent for from a no less expensive bootmaker, and various other garments.

When they came out of her shop Tinker considered for a while the hole he had made in the thousand-franc note, and said, "The time has come to be economical."

He examined the shops with a keen eye till he came to one which seemed more of the popular kind, and there he bought a frock of serge and three of dark blue linen, stouter shoes, slippers, and two hats. Here he waited while Elsie changed; and when she came out, looking another creature, he said with a sigh of satisfaction, "I knew you'd look all right if you had a chance."

They had ices at a café, and caught a train back to Monte Carlo. Elsie seemed dazed with her sudden wealth, while

(Continued on Page 21)

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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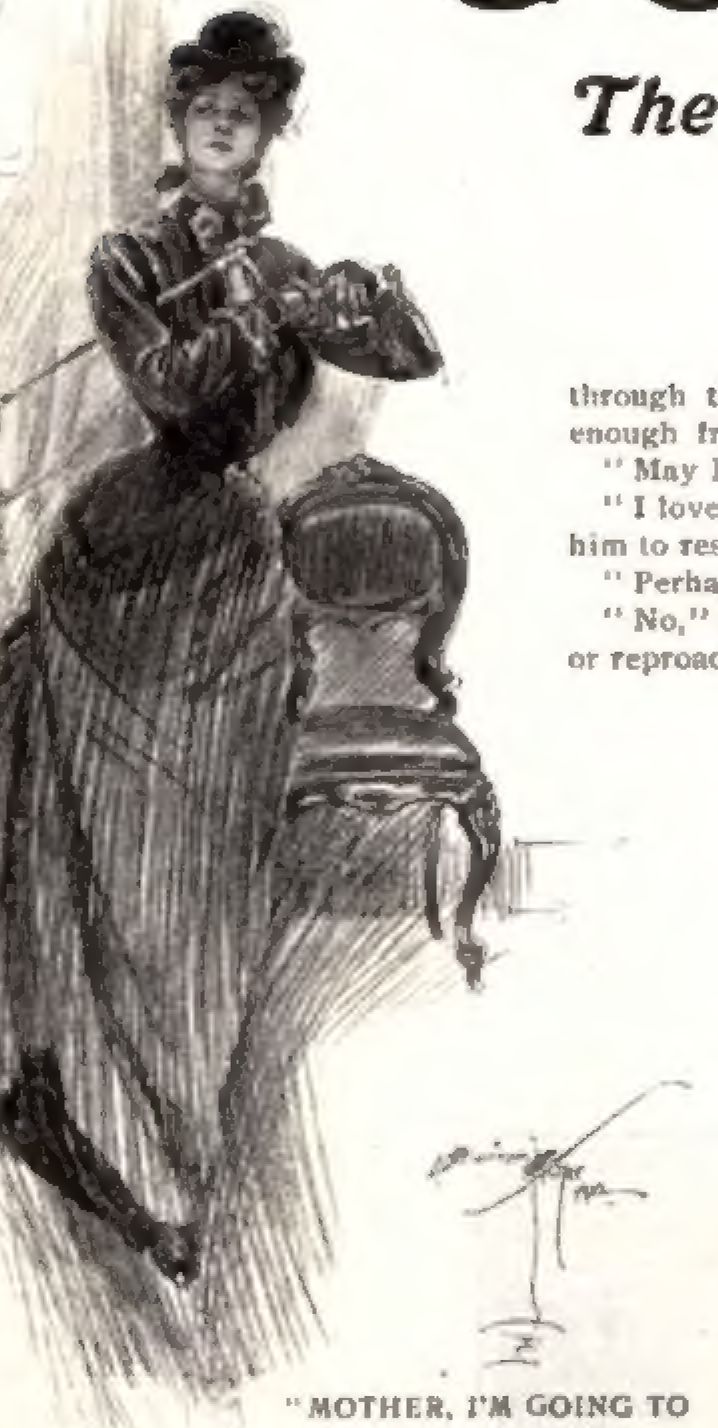


"MOTHER, I'M GOING TO THROW HIM OVER"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—The Earl of Frothingham has come to America a-wooing—fortune wooing. At home he leaves his sister, Lady Evelyn Gordon-Beauvais, anxious and expectant, and Lady Gwendoline Ridley, the girl who would be his sweetheart if either of them could afford the luxury of the other, disconsolate but resigned. On the steamer he has met Honoria Longview, who, with good-humored shrewdness, has seen through his mission and yet sympathises with his necessities. His title possesses no attraction for her, but she agrees, out of friendship, to introduce him where it will bring the best price. Through her he meets Catherine Hollister, a young girl of charm and wealth, who is much taken with his distinguished bearing. Joe Wallingford is an old friend of hers.

V

WALLINGFORD and Frothingham developed a warm friendship. Wallingford was extremely suspicious of himself in it, but after a searching self-analysis decided that his liking for the Earl was to a certain extent genuine. "He doesn't know much—at least he acts as if he didn't. But he's clever in a curious way and a good listener, and not a bit of a fakir. No doubt he's on the lookout for a girl with cash, but English ideas on that subject are different from ours—that is, from what ours are supposed to be. He's a type of English gentleman, and not a bad type of gentleman without any qualification."

When he expressed some such ideas to Catherine Hollister at a dance given for her by Mrs. Carnarvon, she went so much further in praise of Frothingham that he laughed. "So that's the way the wind blows, eh?" he said, grinning at her satirically.

She colored and put on the look of an offended saint.

"Countess of Frothingham," he went on, undisturbed.' "That would sound romantic, wouldn't it? Catherine, Countess of Frothingham!"

"How can you be so coarse-fibred in some ways, Joe, and so fine in others?" she said reproachfully.

"I don't know, dear lady. I suppose because I'm human—just like you."

"Let us dance," was her only reply. She had known Joe so long that she couldn't help liking him, but he certainly was trying.

Later in the evening, remembering Joe's cruelty and sordidness, she said to Frothingham: "You don't know what a pleasure it is to the finer women over here to meet foreign men. They are so much more subtle and sympathetic. They are not coarsened by business. They are not mercenary."

She raised her dreamy eyes to his as she spoke the word "mercenary." He reddened and stumbled—they were dancing the two-step. "I wish *you* wouldn't look at me like that," he said with an ingenuousness wholly unconscious. "It reminds me of my sins, and—and—all that."

She trembled slightly, as he could plainly feel in his encircling arm. He looked down at her—she always was ethereally beautiful in evening dress. In his admiration he almost forgot how rich she was, he quite forgot how oppressively intellectual she was. "Do you—do you——" he began. Then he stopped dancing and led her into the hall, through the hall to the library. Two other couples were there, but far enough from the corner to which he took her.

"May I smoke?" he asked.

"I love the odor of a cigarette," she replied in a voice that encouraged him to resume where he had abruptly left off.

"Perhaps you will smoke?"

"No," she said in a tone that was subtly modulated to mean apology or reproach according as he liked or disliked women smoking.

"Do you really like England?" he began nervously, seeing to it that his glass was firmly adjusted.

"I adore it." Usually she would have gone on into poetical prose unlimited. But this, she felt, was a time for short answers.

"Would you—mind England—with—with ——"

He halted altogether and she slowly raised her heavy lids until her eyes met his.

"Catherine!" He seized her hand, and the thrill of her touch went through him. "You are so lovely. I—I'm horribly fond of you."

She sighed. "Isn't it beautiful?" she said. "This lovely dance—these fascinating surroundings—the music—the dim lights—and—and——" She lifted her eyes to his again.

He murmured her name, threw away his cigarette, looked round to see where the other eyes in that room were, then clasped her round the waist for an instant. "Will you? Will you?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied in a tone so faint that he barely heard.

"You have made me happy." And he meant it.

"How satisfactory she is in every way," he was saying to himself. "Looks, money, everything. I'm a lucky dog." And she was saying to herself, "Countess of Frothingham! How strong and fine and simple he is. I love him!" But when he suggested speaking to her father at once she would not have it. "No—I want it to be just our secret for a little while," she pleaded. "Don't *you?*" He did not see any reason for it, but he said "Yes" with a surface reflection of her earnestness.

"It's a pity the world ever should know anything about it, don't you think so?" she went on.

"I'm very impatient to claim my countess," he answered.

She liked the "countess," but the "my" jarred slightly in her sensitive ear—she was "acquiring" an earl, not he a countess.

"Not too long," he remonstrated. It was all very well for her to be romantic—he wouldn't have liked it if he had not inspired some romance. But why should either of them wish to delay ratifying the bargain that was the real purpose in view? Certainly he wished no delay. And there was much to be arranged—settlements, a trousseau, a host of time-consuming preliminaries. Not a day should be lost in getting under way. His creditors, impatiently awaiting the event of his American adventure, might become ugly. He hated ugly letters and cablegrams almost as much as he hated ugly "scenes." No, he felt strongly on the subject of long engagements.

His heart was full of her beauty—he had drunk a good deal at supper half an hour before; his head was full of her dowry—he never drank so much that he forgot business. "How could I evade if any one should congratulate me?" he asked. And then he wished he had not said it, but had made that the excuse for not obeying her wishes.

"You must deny it, as I shall. You know, we're not really fully engaged until I'm ready to have it announced. Besides, as Joe Wallingford says, a lie in self-defense isn't a lie. And self-defense isn't either a crime or a sin, is it? I think self-defense against prying is a virtue, don't you?"

A man came to claim her for a dance. She smiled sweetly at him, plaintively at Frothingham, and went back to the ballroom. Frothingham stood in the doorway watching her for a few minutes, then went away from the dance to walk and think and enjoy. But his mind was depressed. "Too much supper," he grumbled. "I ought to be tossing my hat. I don't deserve her and my luck. Her cash will put us right for the first time since my great-grandfather ruined us by going the Prince Regent's gait. We shall restore Beauvais House and take the place in Carlton Terrace again. Gad, what a relief it will be to feel free in my mind about cab fares and not to claim commissions from my tailor when I send him customers. I shall be able to live up to the title and the traditions——" He painted vividly, but in vain. He caught himself looking away from the glowing pictures and sighing. "Yes, she's pretty—devilish pretty—a high stepper, but—Gwen would be so comfortable."

Honoria suspected their secret, yet doubted the correctness of her intuitions. "She'd parade him," she reflected, "if she were really engaged to him. There must be a hitch somewhere." And her wonder grew as the report of their engagement spread only to be strenuously denied by Catherine.

Catherine was almost tearful in lamenting this "impertinent gossip" to her. "Isn't it hateful, Honoria," she said, "that a young man and a young woman can't be civil and friendly to each other when they're visiting in the same house without all the busybodies trying to embarrass them? Did you see the papers this morning? How *dare* they print it!"

Honoria smiled at this mock indignation. "Where's the injury to you in crediting you with landing an earl?" she asked.

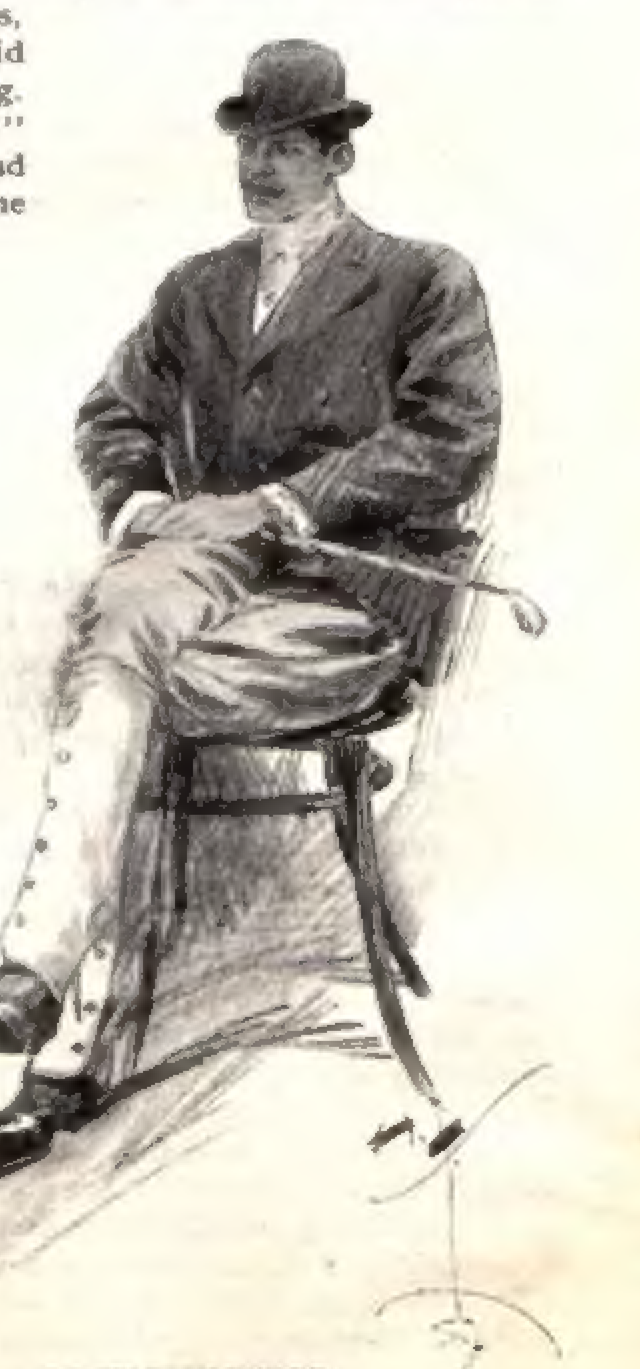
Catherine gave her a look of melancholy reproach. "Do you know," she said dreamily, "I don't think of him as an earl any longer? His character makes everything else about him seem of no consequence. Don't you think he's a *remarkable* man?"

"A little less remarkable than a marquis, a little more remarkable than a viscount—and in comparison with a baronet or a plain esquire, a positive genius!" replied Honoria.

Frothingham was more and more uncomfortable. Catherine took him everywhere in her train and, with seeming unconsciousness of what she was doing, fairly flaunted him as her devoted attendant. Yet only when they were alone did she ever betray that she had more than a polite, friendly interest in him. He would have got angry at her, would have made vigorous protest, but how was it possible to bring such sordidness as mere vulgar appearances to the attention of so innocent and high-minded a creature? He restrained himself, or, rather, was restrained—until Horse Show week.

Those five afternoons and six evenings of dragging at the divine Catherine's chariot wheels before the eyes of the multitude were too much for him. It was one of the years when the Horse Show was the fashion for the fashionable. Not only the racing set and the hunting set, but also the dancing and the dressing and the literary and artistic sets, and the fadless but none the less frivolous set, flocked there day and evening to crowd the boxes with a dazzling display of dresses, wraps, jewels and free-and-easy manners. At first Frothingham gaped almost as amazedly as the multitude that poured slowly and thickly round the promenade, eyes glued upon the occupants of the boxes, never a glance to spare for the ring from the cyclorama of luxury and fashion. "And at a horse show!" he muttered as he noted the hats and gowns made to be shown only in houses or in carriages on the way to and from houses, but there exhibited amid the dust of the show ring. "What rotten bad taste!"

He was astounded to find Catherine outdone by none in extravagant out-of-placeness of ostentation—as he regarded it. Day after day, night after night, she showed herself off to her friends and to the craning throngs of the promenade in a kaleidoscopic series of wonderful "creations." And she insisted that he should be always in close attendance. As he sat beside her he heard the comments of the crowd—there



JOE WALLINGFORD

was always a crowd in front of Longview's box: "That's the girl." — "Yes, and the fellow beside her, with the eyeglass, he's her Earl." — "I don't know how much — some say a million — some say two or three." — "He looks dull, but then all Englishmen look that." — "I'll bet he could be a brute. Look what a heavy jaw he's got." — "She'll be sick of him before she's had him a year."

Did Catherine hear? he wondered. Apparently not. He never surprised in her face or manner a hint of consciousness of self or of being stared at and commented upon. "But she can't avoid hearing," he said to himself. "These asses are braying right in her ears. And why should she get herself up in all these clothes, if it isn't to be stared at?"

And, between performances, the performers in the Longview box dined in the palm garden at the Waldorf, with their acquaintances at the surrounding tables, and gossip of their engagement flying, and curious glances straying toward them over the tops of wine-glasses, and whispers and smiles — and Catherine soulful and unconscious. On Friday night, as they drove from the Waldorf to the Garden — she had given him her hand to hold under cover of the lap-robe — she said with a sigh: "I'm so glad it's nearly over. Only to-night and to-morrow night."

"Not to-morrow afternoon?" asked Frothingham. "Why do we miss a chance to exhibit?"

"Only the servants and the children go to-morrow afternoon," replied Catherine sweetly. "I'm worn out and sick of it all. So many go merely for self-display; so few of us, not to speak of those dreadful people in the promenade, care anything about the dear, beautiful, noble horses."

"Why look at horses," said Honoria, "when there's a human show that's so much more interesting? It may be vulgar, but it's amusing. I'm afraid my tastes are not refined."

Frothingham looked at her with the expression of a thirsty man who has just had a glass of cold water. "That's what I think," said he. "And I'm fond of horses." A faint sneer in his satirical drawl made Catherine give him a furtive glance of anxiety — was the worm thinking of turning?

When they were in the box and the others were busy she said to him in her tenderest tone: "You're dreadfully bored by all this, aren't you? And I thought it would give you pleasure for us to be together so much."

The surliness cleared from his face somewhat. "No, I'm not bored. But I hate to be shown off. And, while you've been unconscious of it, the fact is that you and I have been sitting here in this cage five or six hours a day, being gaped at as if we were a pair of new chimpanzees in a zoo." As he remembered his wrongs his anger rose upon the wine he had freely drunk at dinner. "It's what I call low — downright rotten, Catherine," he finished energetically.

"I wish you wouldn't use that dreadful word," she said, tears in her eyes, but a certain sting in her voice. "I know it's all right in England — some of us use it here. But it — every time you or any one says it I feel as if some one had thrust a horrid-smelling rag under my nose. You don't mind my saying so, do you, dear?"

"Beg pardon," he said. "We do use rowdy words nowadays. I'm so accustomed to it I don't notice."

Just then up to his ears from the promenade and the crowd gaping at the "new chimpanzees" came a voice: "They're fighting — look! look! Hasn't he got an ugly scowl? And she's almost crying."

He flushed scarlet and sent a glowering glance down into the crowd. He turned upon Catherine: "Just hear that! They think I'm rowing you. By — beg pardon, but — well — I sha'n't endure it another instant." And he rose, brushed past Catherine's mother and Longview, Honoria and two men hanging over her, and stalked along the aisle down into and through the recognizing crowd, and out of the Garden.

The boxes ate greedily of this sensation, and the crowd in the promenade scrambled frantically for the crumbs. It was presently noised round that the Englishman had become angered, had struck some one. Rumor at first said it was Catherine; but the crowd by the use of its legs and eyes, and the boxes by the use of their glasses, learned that this was false. There sat Catherine, calm, absorbed in the ring, applauding the jumpers, and turning now and then to her companions with outbursts of ladylike enthusiasm for some particularly clever performance. However, crowd and boxes saw that the Englishman was gone, felt that he must have gone in anger.

The Longview party stopped at the Waldorf for supper, and Frothingham, calmer and a little embarrassed, joined them. Catherine received him as if nothing had taken place, and the next night they appeared together at the Garden as usual.

Late in the evening she said to him: "I've told mother of our engagement. Do you mind, dear?"

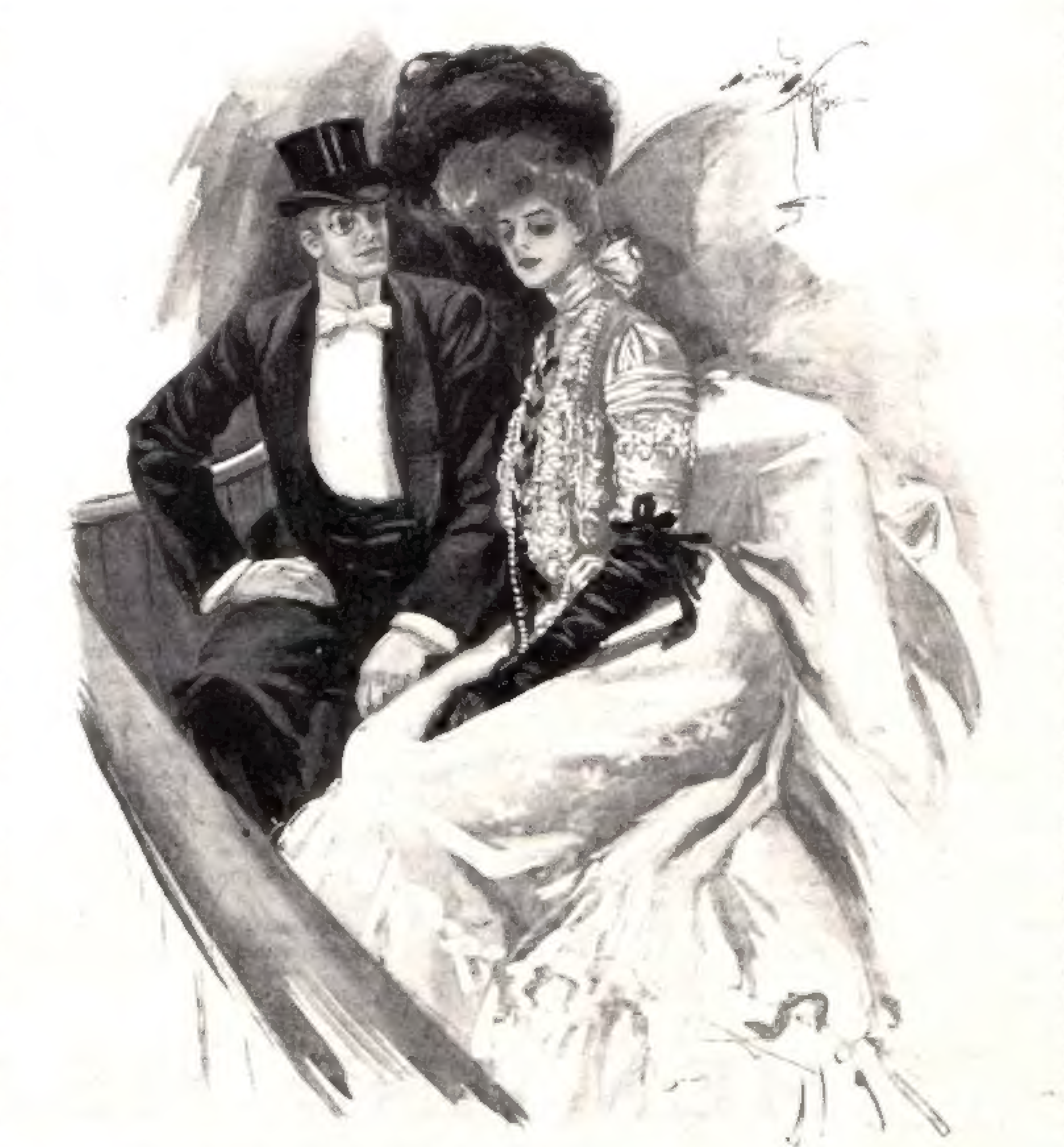
His face lighted up.

"She wishes you to come down to the country with us on Sunday to stay a week or two. It is beautiful there, and we shall be very quiet. Shall you like that?"

"And I may speak to your father?" he asked. "In my country it wouldn't be regarded as honorable for me to act as I've been acting with you. I can't help feeling uncomfortable because I've said nothing to your father."

"I'll speak to him first, Arthur. He lets me do as I please. And he'll be contented with whatever makes me happy. He's such a dear!"

Frothingham looked faintly annoyed. It was not in his plan to include "father" in their romance. Romance with daughter, business with father — that was the proper and discreet distribution of the preliminaries to the formal engagement. He had, deep down, a horrible, nervous fear that he might be drawn into matrimony without definite settlements — the father might be as difficult to pin down in his way as was the daughter in her way. "I must take this business in hand," he said to himself, "or it will be a ghastly mess."



DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, SHE SHOWED HERSELF OFF

Catherine, her mother and he went down on the one o'clock train. The Hollisters' country place — Lake-in-the-Wood — was a great pile of brick and stone, impressive for size rather than for beauty, filled with expensive furnishings and swarming servants in showy livery, and surrounded by a handsome, well-ordered park with winding walks and drives and romantically bridged streams flowing to and from a large lake. They lived with more ceremony that did Surrey at Heath Hall — but there was an air of newness and stiffness and prodigal profusion about it all, a suggestion of a creation of yesterday that might find a grave to-morrow. This impression, which had often come to him in the palaces of New York, began to form as the porter opened the huge gates between the park and the highway. It grew stronger and stronger as he penetrated into the gaudy, if tasteful, establishment. Everything was too new, too grand, too fine. The daughter alone was at her ease; the mother was not quite at her ease; the father was distinctly, if self-mockingly, ill at ease.

The two women left Frothingham alone with him, and the old man soon vented his dissatisfaction. "I suppose *you* like this sort of thing," he said with a wave of the arm to indicate that he meant the establishment. "But I don't. If I had my way we'd be simple and comfortable — no, I don't mean that, exactly. I suppose at bottom I'm as big a fool as the women. But, all the same, French cooking gives me indigestion. That infernal frog-eater in the right wing has it in for me. He's killing me by inches. And I'm so afraid of him and the butler and all the rest of 'em that I don't kick the traces more than once a week." He laughed. "My wife and daughter have got me well trained. Whenever they tell me to, I sit up on my hind legs and 'speak' for crackers and snap 'em off my nose."

Frothingham liked him at once — he was a big, handsome old fellow with keen, steel-gray eyes and the strong look of the successful man of affairs. "I fancy he's almost one of those Americans Wallingford talked about," he thought.

After a smoke with Hollister he went to his rooms — a suite of vast chambers, like the show rooms of a palace, with a marble bathroom that had a small swimming pool sunk in the middle of it. He looked out upon the drive and the park and the half-hidden streams glittering in the sunshine. "These people will beat us out at our own game when they get used to the cards," he said.

There was the sound of wheels and horses — many wheels and many horses. He looked down the drive — one after another came into view a three-seated buckboard, a stylish omnibus, a wagon with the seats taken out to make room for a huge pile of luggage. In the buckboard and the omnibus he recognized men and women whom he had met in New York — the Leightons, the Spencers, the Farrells, the Howards, Mrs. Carnarvon, Wallingford, Gresham, Browne, a man whose name he could not recall, Miss Lester, Miss Devenant. "I thought Catherine and I were to be 'very quiet,'" he muttered.

There were thirty-two people at dinner that night, sixteen of whom, including himself, were guests in the house for stays of three days, a week, ten days. "You said we were to be alone," he said to Catherine with ironic reproach.

She gave him her pathetic, helpless look. "I did hope so. But I asked some, and mamma asked others, and the rest asked themselves."

The days passed, and he had only fleeting glimpses of her. Everybody was hunting, riding, driving, going to luncheons, teas, dinners, through a neighborhood ten miles square. Every moment from early until late was more than occupied — it was crowded, jammed. His idea of country life was the quiet, lazy ease of England; a week of this rushing about fagged him, body and mind. He ceased to try for a moment alone with her; he saw that it was hopeless to expect so much in a place where he could not get a moment alone with himself.

"You never rest in this country?" he said, addressing the men in the library at midnight, as they were having a final nightcap.

"Why should we?" replied Browne. "Why anticipate the grave's only pleasure?"

"You see," explained Wallingford, "on this side of the water we take our pleasures energetically. When we work, we work hard; when we play, we play hard. If we're having a good time, we crowd our luck in the hope of having a better time. If we're bored, we hurry, to get it over with."

"Do you keep this up the year round?"

"Except on ocean steamers. But we'll close that gap when we get the 'wireless' installed, with a telephone to the head of every berth."

VI

ON A MONDAY morning — Frothingham's eighth day at Lake-in-the-Wood — only Wallingford and the tireless Catherine appeared for the early ride. "It's cold," said Wallingford. "Shall we canter?" And they swept through the gates and on over the frost-spangled meadows for several miles before they drew their horses in to a walk. Catherine's cheeks were glowing and her eyes were not dreamy and soulful, but bright with vigorous, wide-awake life.

"I haven't seen you looking so well in years, Kitty." Wallingford was examining her with the slightly mocking, indifferent eyes that had piqued not a few women into trying to make him like them. "You look positively human. And it's becoming — most becoming."

Catherine began to scramble into her pose. She did not like to be caught lapsing from her ideals.

"Why *do* you do it?" Wallingford dropped his mockery for an instant. "Your own individuality, no matter how poor you may think it, is far better than any you could possibly invent — or borrow."

Catherine looked hurt. "Why do you charge deception against every one who lives above your level?" she asked. "I hope you're not going to be nasty this morning, Joe. I'm blue."

"What's the matter? Something real, or ——"

"Don't tease. This is real."

"What is it? I see you wish to be encouraged to tell me."

"No — I couldn't tell any one." Catherine's eyes were tragic. "It's one of those things that can't be told, but must be ——"

"Go on. What is it?" Wallingford refused to be impressed by tragedy. "I see you're dying to tell me. Why not get it over with?"

"You are so sympathetic, Joe. You pretend not to understand me, but I feel that you always do."

"You mean that I refuse to be misled by your charming little pretenses. But how could I? Why, don't I remember the day, the very hour, you went in for the 'soulful'? I must say, I never could see why you took that up as your fad. Being natural is much harder to win out at — few people are interesting or even endurable when they're natural."

"Joe," she said absently, as if she had not heard him, "I'm afraid I'm making a — a dreadful — mistake."

"Well?" he asked, almost gruffly, after a short pause.

"About — about — Lord Frothingham," she confessed, lowering her eyelids until her long lashes shadowed her cheeks.

"Oh, I think you'll land him, all right," said Wallingford encouragingly. "He's a bit gone on you, and then, too, he needs the cash."

"Please don't speak of him in that way, Joe. He's not a vulgar fortune-hunter, but a high, sensitive, noble man."

"Who said he was a vulgar fortune-hunter? On the contrary, he's an honest British merchant, taking his title to market. And he's been lucky enough to find a good customer."

Catherine ignored this description of her knight and her romance. "You know I'm engaged to him?" she asked.

"Ever since the first time I saw your mother look at him."

"Yes — she approves it."

"I should say she would," said Wallingford judicially. "She's got the best part of it. She'll have all the glory of having an Earl in the family, and she won't have to live with him."

"I'm — afraid — I don't love him as I ought," said Catherine with a sigh.

Wallingford laughed. "Now, of what use is it to talk this over, Kitty, if you won't be frank? It can't be a question of loving him that's troubling you. Of course you don't love him. You love his title, and that would prevent you from loving him for himself, no matter how attractive he was. But why bother about love? He's giving you what you really want."

"What *do* I want?" She looked at Wallingford with sincere appeal, slightly humorous but earnest.

"I once thought that you wanted to be a real woman. But ever since your mother took you abroad to fill her own and your head with foreign notions I've been losing faith. What do you want now? Why, the trash you're buying."

"Joe, how can you think that I'd sell myself?"

"Why not? It's generally regarded as a reputable transaction — unless one is vulgar enough to sell out for the mere necessaries of life. Oh, I'm not criticising you, Kitty. Perhaps I'd sell myself if I could get any sort of price. Never having been tempted, I can't say what I'd do."

"Please don't talk in that way, even in jest. It isn't true. I know it isn't true. And it's knowing that that makes me ——" She hesitated, then went on — "despise myself. It's of no use to lie to you, Joe. I'm glad there's somebody I can't lie to, somebody that sees into me and forces me to look at myself as I am. And sometimes I *hate* you for it. Yes, I hate you for it, now!" She was sitting very erect upon her horse, her head thrown back, tears of anger in her eyes.

"Hate?" He shook his head teasingly at her. "I envy you. I've tried every other emotion, and I'd like to try that. But I can't. I can't hate even Frothingham. On the contrary, I like him. If you must have a title, you've got to take a husband with it. And, I must say, I think you'll be able to harness Frothingham down to a fairly reliable family horse."

"How can you jest so coarsely about such a serious matter?" she exclaimed indignantly.

"But is it? What does it matter whom you marry so long as you have no purpose in life other than to make a show and to induce stupid, shallow people to admire you and envy you for the things you've got that can be bought and sold? It's better, on the whole, isn't it, my friend, that you should carry out these purposes through a foreigner and in a foreign country than that you should spoil some promising American and be a bad influence here?"

"You are cruel, Joe. And I thought you'd sympathize with me, and help me!"

There was a pause, then he demanded abruptly, "What does your father say?"

She flushed — partly at the memory of the interview with her father, partly through shame in recollecting that she had led Frothingham to believe she had not told him. "He said — but why should I tell you?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, unless because you wish to."

"Well — I will tell you. He said" (she imitated his nasal drawl): "'If your ma and you want to make the deal, I'll sign the papers. I reckon you know what you're about. And all our money's for is to make us happy. Buy what you please — I'll settle for it.'"

"Was that all?"

Catherine lowered her eyes. "Yes, that was all he *said*. But he looked — Joe, it was his look that upset me."

"I understand." Wallingford's voice was gentle and sympathetic now. "And what answer are you going to make to that look?"

"I'd rather not say," she replied, giving him a brilliant smile. "Let's canter again. We must get home."

As soon as she reached the house she went to her mother's rooms. Mrs. Hollister was just finishing her morning's work with her secretary. Catherine waited, impatiently playing with her riding-whip. When the secretary left she said: "Mother, I'm going to throw him over."

Mrs. Hollister hesitated for an instant in putting away some of her especially private papers, then went on. Presently she said tranquilly: "You will do nothing of the sort."

Catherine quailed before that tone — she had been ruled by her mother all her life, had never been interfered with in any matter which her mother regarded as unimportant, had never been permitted to decide any matter which her mother regarded as important. And her mother's rule was the most formidable of all tyrannies — the tyranny of kindness.

"But, mother, I should be wretched with him."

"Why?"

On the basis of their method of thought and speech each with the other, it was impossible for her to erect "Because I don't love him" into a plausible objection. So she said: "We have nothing in common. His laziness and cynicism irritate me. He makes me nervous. He bores me."

"All men are objectionable in one way or another," replied her mother. "If you had married the ordinary man you would have had nothing after you had grown tired. But marrying him, you'll have first, last and all the time the solid advantages of your position and your title. And you'll like him better when you're used to him — he has admirable qualities for a husband."

"I can't marry him," said Catherine doggedly. She knew that it was useless to argue with her mother.

"You can't refuse to marry him. It would be dishonorable. Your word is pledged. It would be impossible for a child of mine to be guilty of a dishonorable action."

"When I tell him how I feel he will release me."

"You mean he would refuse to marry a woman who, after treating a man as you have treated him, would show herself so light and so lacking in honor. No, my daughter will not disgrace herself and her family." Mrs. Hollister seated herself beside Catherine and put an arm round her. "She has had her every whim gratified, and that has made her careless of responsibilities. But she will not show herself in serious matters light and untrustworthy."

Catherine stiffened herself against the gentle yet masterful force that seemed to be stealing in upon her from her mother's embrace and tone.

"You've come to one of those rough places in life," Mrs. Hollister went on, "where young people need the help of some older, more experienced person. And I wish to see you safely over it."

"I can't marry him, mother."

Mrs. Hollister frowned for a second, then her face cleared and she said quietly: "Your father and I have put you in a position to establish yourself well in life. You have engaged yourself to an honorable man who has something to offer you, who can insure you a position that will be a satisfaction to you all your life and to your children after you. I know I have not brought you up so badly that you would throw away your career, would disregard the interests of those you may bring into the world, all for a mere whim."

Catherine was silent.

"Even if you cared for some one else ——"

"But I do," interrupted Catherine impetuously.

Mrs. Hollister winced and reflected before she went on: "It cannot be a serious attachment, Catherine, or I should have noticed it. Is it Joseph Wallingford?"

Catherine did not answer.

"Even if you had been attracted for a moment by a man who had something to offer besides a little sentiment that would be gone in a few months after marriage, still it would be your duty to yourself and to your family to make the sensible marriage. You are not a foolish girl. You are not a child. You know what the substantial things in life are."

"I can't marry him," repeated Catherine stubbornly.

"Has Wallingford been making love to you?" The anger was close to the surface in Mrs. Hollister's voice.

Catherine smiled bitterly. "No," she answered, "he has not. He cares nothing for me. But I can't marry Lord Frothingham — and I won't."

"You must not say that, Catherine," said her mother sternly. "It is a great shock to me to find that you cannot be trusted. If you refused to marry the man you have voluntarily engaged yourself to, I should never forgive you."

Catherine's eyes sank before her mother's. "The engagement must be announced at once," her mother went on. "You will change your mind when you have thought it over, and when you realize what my feelings are."

"I can't," began Catherine monotonously.

"I wish to hear no more about it, child," interrupted her mother, her eyes glittering a forewarning of the hate she would have for a daughter who disobeyed her. "To-morrow we will talk of it again."

Catherine and her mother arose and each faced the other for a moment — two inflexible wills. For Mrs. Hollister had made one error, and that fatal, in training her daughter. She had not broken her will in childhood, when the stiffest inherited will can be made to yield; she had only subdued it, driven it to cover. She had left her her individuality. But she did not know this; so, she saw her daughter's looks, saw her daughter leave the room, resolution in every curve of her figure, and was not in the least disturbed as to the event. The idea that she, Maria Hollister, could be defied by any one in her family — or out of it — could not form in her mind. "It is fortunate," she said to herself, "that Wallingford is leaving early in the morning. I'll announce the engagement at dinner to-night."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MEN AND MEASURES

By Charles Emory Smith

WASHINGTON was relieved when the Venezuelan arbitration was agreed on. The trouble may flame out again when the award shall be made; the status may then be just what it was when the lions and the wildcat were glowering at each other; Venezuela, with South American irresponsibility, may refuse or may find herself unable to pay whatever the award may be; but this is not probable, and in any event there is a lull pending the adjudication.

The President has been showered with congratulations on his good sense in declining the clever and flattering invitation to be arbiter, and on his success in bringing the European Powers to accept The Hague tribunal. From the American standpoint this is a wise and fortunate conclusion. And yet the question was not altogether one-sided. If there was a suspicion that the President was strongly tempted by the proposal to refer the dispute to him, it was not far from the truth; and the inclination did not rest alone on his temperamental willingness to take responsibility, but upon his perception of some advantages in that course.

It would have put the whole case in his hands from the beginning — not merely the guidance of the American attitude and policy but the determination of the merits of the dispute and of the form of settling it. The President would then have had control of the whole mechanism of the proceeding. As arbiter he would have passed on the validity of the claims; he would have decided how much is due; and he would have indicated the form and method of payment. As President he would still have been free to determine the relations of the United States to the judgment and to any questions growing out of it. While acting as arbiter he would have had nothing to do as President on this subject, and when the time for acting as President came he would have ceased to be arbiter.

Nor would there have been any embarrassment in the mere function of adjudicating the dispute. That duty entails simply an examination of the merits of the claims and a judgment of how much money is due. An award of territory is expressly excluded by the conditions of the reference. There are principles of international law involved, like that of the right and obligation of a nation to protect its own nationals in another country; but the arbitrament is only the determination of these questions. When the judgment is tendered the duty of the arbiter ends.

Doubtless the English and German Governments asked President Roosevelt to arbitrate with the feeling that his position as President of the United States would morally enforce his decision as judge, both in its influence on his own action and in its constraint on Venezuela. Though the two relations would be entirely distinct in terms it would be difficult to keep them entirely dissociated in effect. Probably the immediate participation of the President as arbiter would induce the Government of the United States, without assuming any obligation, to facilitate a mode of settlement through private advances; but in the end it may find it expedient to do this anyway

Thus there would have been advantages and disadvantages in the President's acceptance of the rôle of arbiter. On the one side, it would have kept the control of the whole matter in American hands; on the other, it would consciously or unconsciously have affected the President's freedom to deal with any possible exigency growing out of the issue as the interests of the United States might dictate. For this reason he was wise, on the whole, in declining it. The final adoption of The Hague court is a great triumph for the principle of arbitration and gives a powerful impulse to that tribunal. It was in danger of lapsing into a desuetude far from innocuous Europe had created it and then had left it as a waif on the doorstep of the nations. The United States has rescued it and given it new life and prestige.

This fact is the more significant and notable since in reality the United States has less interest in The Hague tribunal than Europe ought to have. That tribunal is essentially a European court. The United States and Mexico are the only American nations that participated in the conference or that have any members in the list of judges. We are two against twenty. The questions which we shall have for arbitration will for the most part, in the nature of things, be primarily American questions. In any issue between the United States and a nation of Europe which is of a general character and free from distinctive American elements The Hague tribunal would be as acceptable to us as any. But where the issue involves specific American rights and principles, shall we be ready always to refer to that arbitration?

The Venezuelan dispute is primarily a mere question of indebtedness and indemnity. But there are collateral issues which turn wholly on American doctrine and American purposes as distinct from those of Europe. That is why the President's assumption of the position of arbiter would to that extent have been advantageous. It is the reason why an American arbitration outside of the President, of commensurate dignity and authority, like that of one or more judges of the Supreme Court, would have been desirable. It is the reason why The Hague court, with all that may be said for it, does not meet the highest ideal of a tribunal for the determination of American issues.

When Arbitration May be Refused

There are two considerations, however, which partially neutralize the objections. The first is that Venezuela will probably make her choice of arbitrators from among the American judges. The second is that in the creation of the tribunal the United States expressly reserved from its scope the Monroe Doctrine and the traditional relations of this country to questions purely American. That is a vital limitation and safeguard. Beyond that, every nation reserves the right to refuse reference to arbitration at all when its honor or safety is at stake. But we are determining general principles of action and making precedents. We are seeking to advance the cause of arbitration instead of war for the settlement of international disputes, and we are bound to consider the tendencies of our action in all its relations.

We can conceive of questions which we would not submit to arbitration at all, and we can conceive of others which we would submit only to arbitration exempt from European bias and entirely free to give just weight to American considerations. For example, we have an issue ostensibly with the British Government and really with Canada over the Alaska boundary. It has been laid aside for the time being under a *modus vivendi*. But the issue remains and sometime it must be settled. Our title is clear and impregnable, and the Canadian claim is an impudent and trumped up pretense. There is so little warrant for the invasion of our boundary that we should probably never consent to arbitrate the question, any more than we should arbitrate an insolent and baseless pretension to a slice of New York.

But if we were ever brought to acquiesce in its arbitration, should we consent to submit it to The Hague tribunal? Should we leave this American question to that court with its European influences and traditions? The Geneva award was fair and reasonable—was, indeed, all that we could rightfully ask or expect from a European or any other court; but was the excessive judgment in the Fisheries case calculated to induce the submission of an American issue to judges wholly surrounded by a European atmosphere?

These considerations suffice to suggest that American questions are to be treated from the American standpoint, and that an American arbitration of the Venezuelan dispute, if it could have been secured free from other complications, would have been in line with the policy which American statesmen cannot dismiss from view. American and Continental development imposes more and more on our Government the necessity of framing an American policy which shall be large enough for the coming requirements. There is a respite now while the Venezuelan difficulties go to the judicial realm of The Hague tribunal. But when the award shall be made the subject will reappear with all its perplexities and obligations

The Monroe Doctrine is more vital to the United States now than when it was first proclaimed. Its enunciation eighty years ago was not only a theoretical protection of America against a then not aggressive Europe, but it was a prophetic conception of a still more important defense in the future. The great Powers of Europe have apportioned Asia and Africa among themselves, either actually or prospectively. Their territory and spheres of influence on the broad continents of the Eastern world are substantially delineated With that division the metes and bounds of their development are set. Now that they can see their limits there, if South America, with its 7,000,000 square miles and 60,000,000 people, divided among feeble nations, some of them in chronic revolution, were open to them, how eagerly they would plot for it!

But the Monroe Doctrine impressively and authoritatively says, Hands Off! Eighty years ago Europe did not want South America. The Holy Alliance simply wanted to sustain senile Spain in the impotent scheme of reestablishing her sceptre. The Monroe Doctrine was more of an academic proposition then. Now Europe has reached the stage of advance where, circumscribed elsewhere, she would naturally be thinking of at least staking out claims in South America. Such a movement would present the danger of some of the great Powers of Europe planting themselves on our continent with the design of extension. To proclaim the Monroe Doctrine now, as a new national purpose, would be a direct challenge to a direct menace and might be regarded as an affront. But to reaffirm it as the legacy of the past and the fixed policy of the nation is only to repeat our established traditions and to maintain a secure bulwark without giving offense. Never was any national keynote in the early days of feebleness more fortunate than the Monroe Doctrine!

But what is to accompany it? If we are to forbid European occupation, how are European claims to be met? If South American nations are to be shielded from European conquest, how are they to be kept from repudiating obligations? Is Europe to be told that, if she deals with South America she must take the risks? Is South America to be told that, if she is to be protected against territorial levy, she must give other bonds? Must arrangements be made that where states persist in default a sort of receivership shall be established and the revenues administered for the benefit of creditors? Must the United States exercise friendly offices in fiscal supervision as in territorial protection? Must we so adjust communications and reciprocal relations with South America that her dealings will be with us and in our control instead of with Europe?

Practical statesmanship crosses the bridge when it comes to it. It does not lay down a program for contingencies which may vary their course, but meets each question as it arises. But these thoughts suggest some of the great and intricate questions with which our Government must deal in the broad field of international action. Nothing indicates the extraordinary growth of the United States more than the part it is now playing in the world's affairs. The difference within five years is amazing. And what is no less gratifying is the signal skill with which she is playing that part.

The Monumental Measure of the Session

What great and difficult problems it has to deal with in domestic affairs is shown in Senator Hoar's anti-trust bill and Attorney-General Knox's suggestions. That bill looms up as the monumental measure of the session. This does not mean that it will pass. It would be remarkable if a bill proposing so great and sweeping a change in business regulation could go through the inevitable discussion, secure the necessary concentration of opinion, and reach final enactment in a single short session. This is hardly to be expected, even if ultimate adoption might be anticipated. But it is the monumental measure of the session because it presents the most important and overshadowing question, and because it brings to a focus the practical problem of regulating the trusts. Assuming that it crystallizes the policy and methods which the discussion and study of months have brought out, and that it embodies in substance the general scheme of Federal control of corporations, its transcendent importance will at once be recognized.

In a degree it is a radical and revolutionary measure. The transfer of the control of all corporations from the States to the Federal Government is a new departure in our American system. The assumption not merely of regulating interstate commerce in its general commercial relations, but of laying the hand of the Federal Government on all business which is done under a corporate organization, and exercising a rigorous supervisory authority, is something which on the surface is quite foreign to our American conception of liberty of action

This is what Senator Hoar's bill does in substance. Under our modern conditions most large business is done under corporate form. All corporations whose business passes State lines are engaged in interstate commerce. Under Senator Hoar's bill they cannot carry on their affairs without agreeing to conditions which give the Attorney-General power to enter their offices, open their books, examine their papers and exact any report he chooses. They cannot undersell or give discounts from market rates or offer preferences or enter into any combination which may be alleged to be for the purpose of driving out of business any other person engaged therein. Any violation of the provisions of the act renders any officer or director of the corporation liable for all its debts and obligations, and any infraction of its prohibitions is punishable by fine and imprisonment.

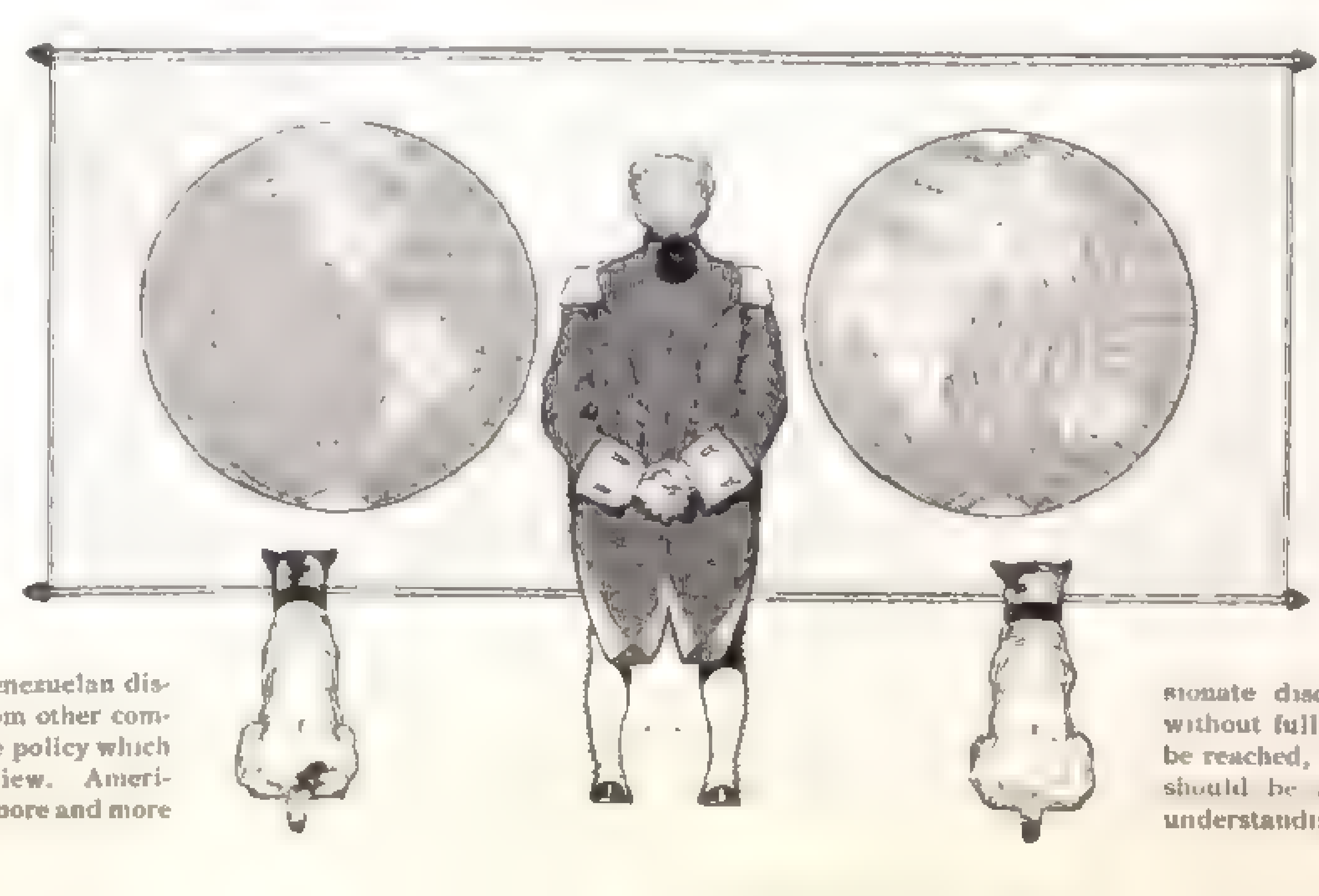
The Drastic Character of Senator Hoar's Trust Bill

The drastic character of this measure is plain. It may be that an act of such far-reaching force is necessary to provide effective protection against the trust abuses at which it is aimed. It may be that in the prodigious development of modern enterprise and in the rage for corporate combination the time has come for the application of such stringent safeguards. It may be that in its practical operation the restraints and severities of such an act would fall only on the perpetrators of the wrongs which are to be reached and that it would involve no real hardship where there is no violation of its provisions. But it is essential that if the country is to enter upon this departure it shall be with an intelligent understanding of its import and character.

The searching provisions of this measure are analagous to those of the national banking law. The Comptroller of the Currency may go into a bank precisely as the Attorney-General under this act could go behind the doors of a business corporation. He may inspect the books, summon the officers, probe the records and hold to the strictest account. But a bank is a fiduciary institution. It is not a mere trader, but holds a trust for a large clientage. It possesses privileges in return for its strict accountability. The application of the same rules of supervision, the same powers of inspection, and the same measure of responsibility to ordinary business which gets nothing in return except the right to do business across State lines is an extension of the principle to which we are not accustomed.

It involves a long advance in the evolution of governmental control and private responsibility—an advance which may be the inevitable necessity of new conditions, but which requires that we fit our conceptions to new theories. Many secondary questions arise at once. Would it be possible to modify and mitigate the radical provisions without impairing the efficacy of the measure for its essential purpose? Would it be practicable by some rule of classification to make it reach the combinations which really need regulation without hampering the body of business? Would it be feasible to enforce accountability on the part of business without letting loose irresponsibility and caprice on the part of any chance Government officer?

It is evident that the broad issue and practical details of Senator Hoar's bill present the most momentous question of domestic concern which has come to us since the Civil War. It requires the most thorough, searching and dispassionate discussion. It cannot and ought not to pass without full debate. No precipitate conclusion should be reached, and if we are finally to adopt this policy it should be after ample deliberation and with a clear understanding of all that it involves.



THE PIT

By Frank Norris

AUTHOR OF THE OCTOPUS

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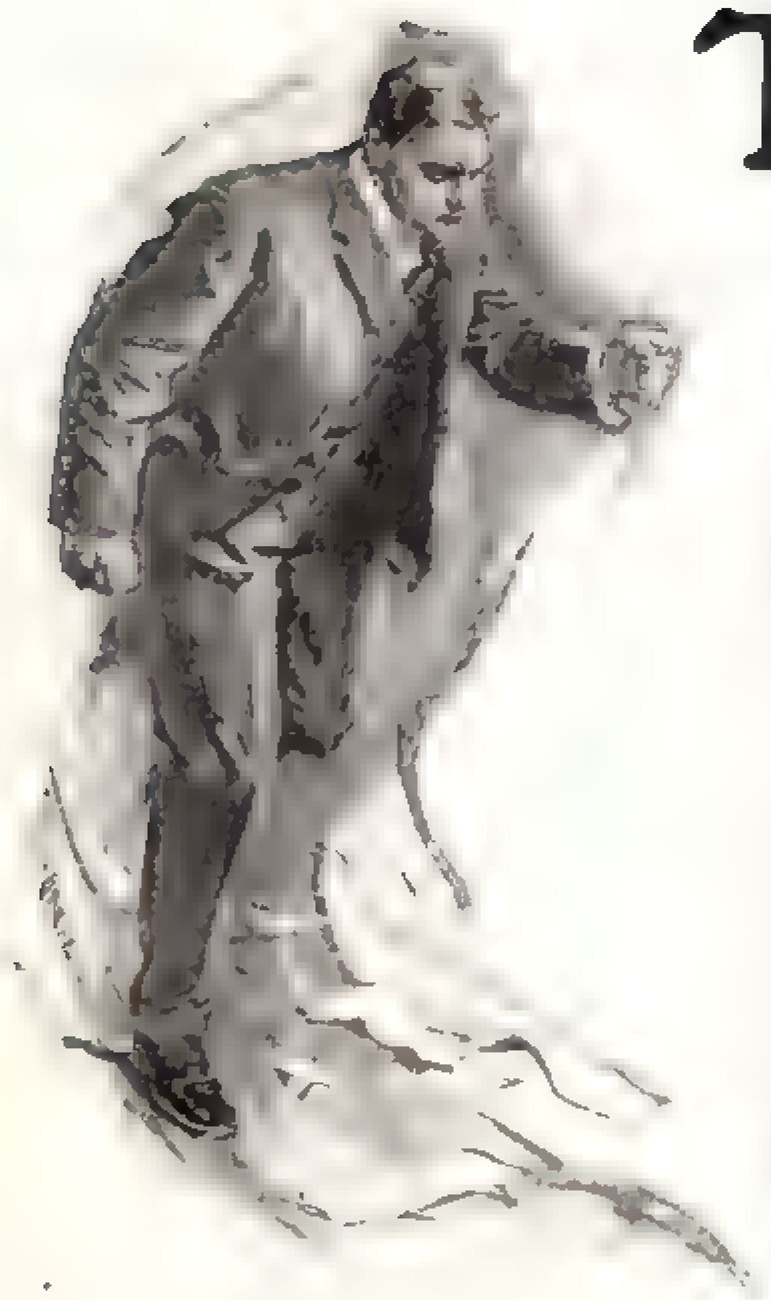

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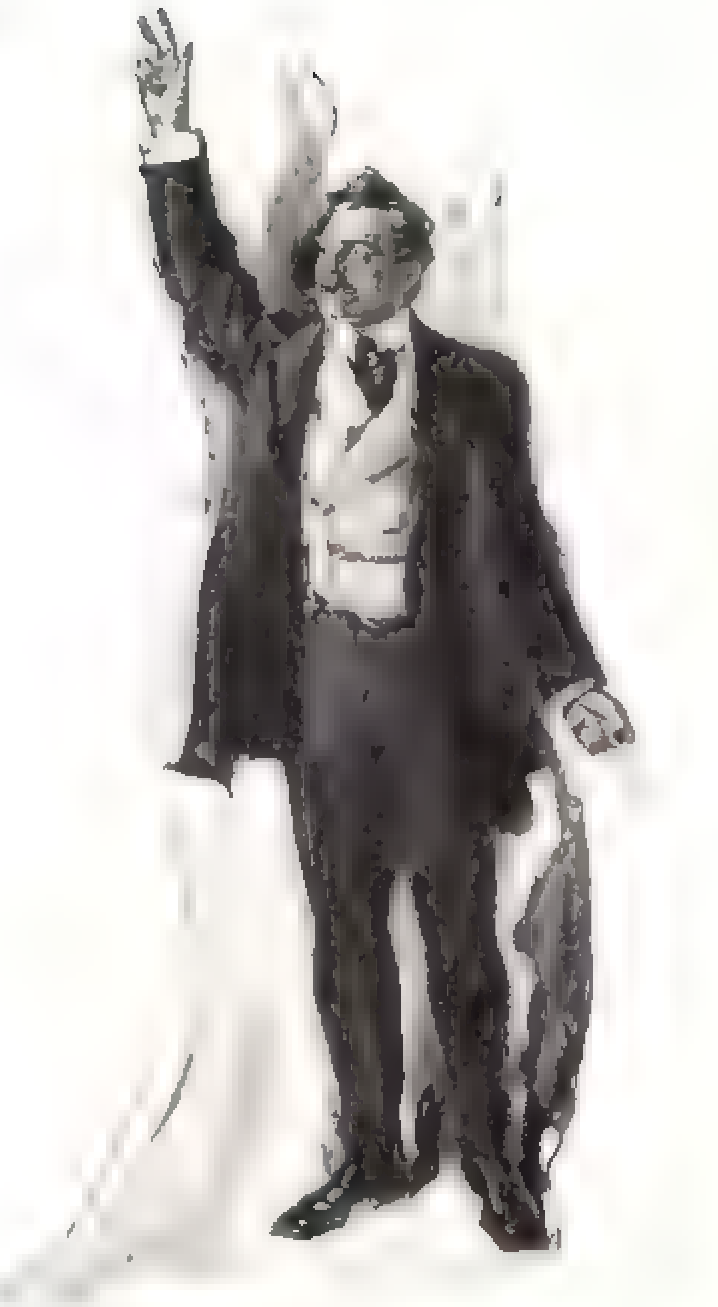


"GIVE A DOLLAR FOR JULY!"

CHAPTER XIX

ONCE free of the crowd after leaving Page, Landry ran with all the swiftness of his long legs down the stairs and through the corridors till, all out of breath, he gained Gretry's private office. The other Pit traders for the house, some eight or ten men, were already assembled, and just as Landry entered by one door the broker himself came from the customers' room. Jadwin was nowhere to be seen

"What are the orders for to-day, sir?"

Gretry was very pale. Despite his long experience on the Board of Trade, Landry could see anxiety in every change of his expression, in every motion of his hands. The broker before answering the question crossed the room to the water cooler and drank a brief swallow. Then emptying the glass he refilled it, moistened his lips again, and again emptied and filled the goblet. He put it down, caught it up once more, filled it, emptied it, drinking now in long drafts, now in little sips. He was quite unconscious of his actions, and Landry as he watched felt his heart sink. Things must, indeed, be at a desperate pass when Gretry, the calm, the clear-headed, the placid, was thus upset.

"Your orders?" said the broker at last. "The same as yesterday; keep the market up — that's all. It must not go below a dollar fifteen. But act on defensive. Don't be aggressive unless I send word. There will probably be very heavy selling the first few moments. You can buy, each of you, up to half a million bushels apiece. If that don't keep the price up, if they still are selling after that, . . . well" — Gretry paused a moment, irresolutely — "well," he added suddenly, "if they are still selling freely after you've each bought half a million, I'll let you know what to do. And look here," he continued, facing the group, "look here — keep your heads cool. . . . I guess to-day will decide things. Watch the Crookes crowd pretty closely. I understand they're up to something again. That's all, I guess."

Landry and the other Gretry traders hurried from the office up to the floor. Landry's heart was beating thick and slow and hard, his teeth were shut tight. Every nerve, every fibre of him braced itself with the rigidity of drawn wire to meet the issue of the impending hours. Now was to come the last grapple. He had never lived through a crisis such as this before. Would he prevail — would he keep his head? Would he avoid or balk the thousand and one little subterfuges, tricks and traps that the hostile traders would prepare for him — prepare with a quickness, a suddenness that all but defied the sharpest, keenest watchfulness?

Was the gong never going to strike? He found himself all at once on the edge of the Wheat Pit. It was jammed tight with the crowd of traders; the excitement that disengaged itself from that tense, vehement crowd of white faces and glittering eyes was veritably sickening, veritably weakening. Men on either side of him were shouting mere incoherencies, to which nobody, not even themselves, was listening. Others, silent, gnawed their nails to the quick, breathing rapidly, audibly even, their nostrils expanding and contracting. All around roared the vague thunder that since early morning had shaken the building. In the Pit the bids leaped to and fro, though the time of opening had not yet come; the very planks under foot seemed spinning about in the first huge warning swirl of the Pit's centripetal convulsion. There was dizziness in the air; something, some infinite, immeasurable power, onrushing in its eternal courses, shook the Pit in its grasp. Something deafened the ears, blinded the eyes, dulled and numbed the mind with its roar, with the chaff and dust of its whirlwind passage, with the stupefying sense of its power, coeval with the earthquake and glacier, merciless, all powerful, a primal basic throe of creation itself, unassailable, inviolate and untamed

Had the trading begun? Had the gong struck? Landry never knew, never so much as heard the clang of the great bell. All at once he was fighting all at once he was caught, as it were, from off the stable earth and flung headlong into the heart and centre of the Pit. What he did he could not say; what went on about him he could not distinguish. He only knew that roar was succeeding roar, that there was crashing through his ears, through his very brain, the combined bellow of a hundred Niagaras. Hands clutched and tore at him, his own tore and clutched in turn. The Pit was mad, was drunk and frenzied; not a man of all those who fought and scrambled and shouted that knew what he or his neighbor did. They knew only that a support long thought to be secure was giving way, not gradually, not evenly, but by horrible collapses, and equally horrible upward leaps. Now it held, now it broke, now it reformed again, rose again, then again in hideous cataclysms fell from beneath their feet to lower depths than before. The official reporter leaned back in his place, helpless On the wall overhead the indicator on the dial was rocking back and forth like the mast of a ship caught in a monsoon. The price of July wheat no man could so much as approximate. The fluctuations were no longer by fractions of a cent, but by ten cents, fifteen cents, twenty five cents at a time. On one side of the Pit wheat sold at ninety cents, on the other at a dollar and a quarter.

And all the while above the din upon the floor, above the tramplings and the shouting in the Pit, there seemed to thrill and swell that appalling roar of the wheat itself coming in, coming on like a tidal wave, bursting through, dashing barriers aside, rolling like a measureless, almighty river from the farms of Iowa and the ranches of California, on to the East — to the bakeshops and hungry mouths of Europe.

Landry caught one of the Gretry traders by the arm.

"What shall we do?" he shouted. "I've bought up to my limit. No more orders have come in. The market has gone from under us. What's to be done?"

"I don't know," the other shouted back. "I don't know We're all gone to the bow-wows; looks like the last smash. There are no more supporting orders — something's gone wrong. Gretry hasn't sent any word."

Then Landry, beside himself with excitement and with actual terror, hardly knowing even yet what he did, turned sharply about. He fought his way out of the Pit; he ran hatless and panting across the floor, in and out between the groups of spectators, down the stairs to the corridor below, and into the Gretry-Converse offices.

In the outer office a group of reporters and the representatives of a great commercial agency were besieging one of the heads of the firm. They assaulted him with questions.

"Just tell us where you are at — that's all we want to know"

"Just what is the price of July wheat?"

"Is Jadwin winning or losing?"

But the other threw out an arm in a wild gesture of helplessness

"We don't know ourselves," he cried. "The market has run clean away from everybody. You know as much about it as I do. It's simply hell broken loose, that's all. We can't tell where we are at for days to come."

Landry rushed on. He swung open the door of the private office and entered, slamming it behind him and crying out:

"Mr. Gretry, what are we to do? We've had no orders."

But no one listened to him. Of the group that gathered around Gretry's desk no one so much as turned a head.

Jadwin stood there in the centre of the others, hatless, his face pale, his eyes congested with blood. Gretry fronted him, one hand upon his arm. In the remainder of the group Landry recognized the senior clerk of the office, one of the heads of a great banking house, and two other men — confidential agents, who had helped to manipulate the great corner.

"But you can't," Gretry cried. "You can't; don't you see we can't meet our margin calls? It's the end of the game. You've got no more money — you ——"

"It's a lie!" Never so long as he lived did Landry forget the voice in which Jadwin cried the words: "It's a lie. Keep on buying, I tell you. Take all they'll offer. I tell you we'll touch the two-dollar mark before noon."

"Not another order goes up to that floor," retorted Gretry. "Why, J., ask any of these gentlemen here. They'll tell you"

"It's useless, Mr. Jadwin," said the banker quietly. "You were practically beaten two days ago."

"Mr. Jadwin," pleaded the senior clerk, "listen to reason Our firm ——"

But Jadwin was beyond all appeal. He threw off Gretry's hand

"Your firm, your firm — oh, you've been cowards from the start. I know you, I know you. You have sold me out Crookes has bought you. Get out of my way!" he shouted "Get out of my way! Do you hear? I'll play my hand alone from now on."

"J., old man. Why — see here, man," Gretry implored, still holding by the arm; "here, where are you going?"

Jadwin's voice rang like a trumpet call:

"*Into the Pit.*"

"Look here — wait — here. Hold him back, gentlemen. He don't know what he's about"

"If you don't execute my orders I'll act myself. I'm going into the Pit, I tell you."

"J., you're mad, old fellow. You're ruined — don't you understand? — you're ruined."

"Then curse you, Sam Gretry, for the man who failed me in a crisis!" And as he spoke Curtis Jadwin struck the broker full in the face

Gretry staggered back from the blow, catching at the edge of his desk. His pale face flashed to crimson for an instant, his fists clutched, then his hands fell to his sides

"No," he said, "let him go, let him go The man is merely mad."

But Jadwin, struggling for a second in the midst of the group that tried to hold him, suddenly flung off restraining clasps, thrust the men to one side, and rushed from the room.

Gretry dropped into his chair before his desk.

"It's the end," he said simply.

He drew a sheet of notepaper to him, and in a shaking hand wrote a couple of lines.

"Take that," he said, handing the note to the senior clerk — "Take that to the Secretary of the Board at once."

And straight into the turmoil and confusion of the Pit, to the scene of so many of his victories, the battle-ground whereon again and again, his enemies routed, he had remained the victor undisputed, undismayed, came the "Great Bull." No sooner had he set foot within the entrance to the floor than the news went flashing and flying from lip to lip. The galleries knew it, the public room and the Western Union knew it, the telephone booths knew it, and lastly even the Wheat Pit, torn and tossed and rent asunder by the power this man himself had unchained, knew it, and knowing stood dismayed.

For even then, so great had been his power, so complete his dominion, and so well-rooted the fear which he had inspired, that this last move in the great game he had been playing, this unexpected, direct, personal assumption of control struck a sense of consternation into the heart of the hardiest of his enemies.

Jadwin himself, the great man, the "Great Bull" in the Pit! What was about to happen? Had they been too premature in their hope of his defeat? Had he been preparing some secret, unexpected manœuvre? For a second they hesitated; then, being moved by a common impulse, gathering themselves together for the final assault, they again offered the wheat for sale; offered it by thousands upon thousands of bushels: poured, as it were, the harvests of entire principalities out upon the floor of the Board of Trade.

Jadwin was in the thick of the confusion by now. And the avalanche, the unleashed ocean of the wheat, leaping to the lash of the hurricane, struck him fairly in the face.

He heard it now, he heard nothing else. The wheat had broken from his control. For months he had, by the might of his single arm, held it back; but now it rose like the upbuilding of a colossal billow. It towered, towered, hung poised an instant, and then, with a thunder as of the grind and crash of chaotic worlds, broke upon him, burst through the Pit and raced past him, on and on to the eastward and to the hungry nations.

Under the stress and violence of the hour something had snapped in his brain. The queer murk behind his eyes had been suddenly pierced by a white flash. The strange qualms and tiny nervous paroxysms of the last few months all at once culminated in some indefinite, indefinable crisis, and the wheels and cogs of all activities save one lapsed away and ceased. Only one function of the complicated machine persisted; but it moved with a rapidity of vibration that seemed to be tearing the tissues of being to shreds, while its rhythm beat out the old and terrible cadence:

"Wheat-wheat wheat, wheat-wheat wheat."

Blind and insensate, Jadwin strove against the torrent of the wheat. There in the middle of the Pit, surrounded and assaulted by herd after herd of wolves yelping for his destruction, he stood braced, rigid upon his feet, his head up, his hand, the great bony hand that once had held the whole Pit in its grip, flung high in the air, in a gesture of defiance, while his voice, like the clangor of bugles sounding to the charge of the forlorn hope, rang out again and again, over the din of his enemies:

"Give a dollar for July—give a dollar for July!"

With one accord they leaped upon him. The little group of his traders was swept aside. Landry alone, Landry who had never left his side since his rush from out Gretry's office, Landry Court, loyal to the last, his one remaining soldier, white, shaking, the sobs straining in his throat, clung to him desperately. Another billow of wheat was preparing. They two—the beaten general and his young armor bearer—heard it coming; hissing, raging, bellowing, it swept down upon them. Landry uttered a cry; flesh and blood could not stand this strain. He cowered at his chief's side, his shoulders bent, one arm above his head as if to ward off an actual physical force.

But Jadwin, iron to the end, stood erect. All unknowing what he did, he had taken Landry's hand in his, and the boy felt the grip on his fingers like the contracting of a vise of steel. The other hand, as though holding up a standard, was still in the air, and his great, deep-toned voice went out across the tumult, proclaiming to the end his battle-cry:

"Give a dollar for July—give a dollar for July!"

But, little by little, Landry became aware that the tumult of the Pit was intermitting. There were sudden lapses in the shouting, and in these lapses he could hear from somewhere out upon the floor voices that were crying: "Order—order, order, gentlemen."

But again and again the clamor broke out. It would die down for an instant in response to these appeals, only to burst out afresh as certain groups of traders started the pandemonium again by the wild outcrying of their offers. At last, however, the older men in the Pit, regaining some measure of self-control, took up the word, going to and fro in the press repeating "Order, order."

And then, all at once, the Pit, the entire floor of the Board of Trade, was struck dumb. All at once the tension was relaxed, the furious struggling and stamping was stilled. Landry, bewildered, still holding his chief by the hand, looked about him. On the floor, near at hand, stood the President of the Board of Trade himself, and with him the Vice-President and a group of the Directors. Evidently it had been these who had called the traders to order. But it was not toward them now that the hundreds of men in the Pit and on the floor were looking.

In the little balcony on the south wall opposite the visitors' gallery a figure had appeared, a tall, grave man in a long black coat—the Secretary of the Board of Trade. Landry with the others saw him, saw him advance to the edge of the railing and fix his glance upon the Wheat Pit. In his hand he carried a slip of paper.

And then in the midst of that profound silence the Secretary announced:

"All trades with Gretry, Converse & Co. must be closed at once."

The words had not ceased to echo in the high vaultings of the roof before they were greeted with a wild yell of exultation that burst from the crowding masses in the Wheat Pit.

Beaten; beaten at last, the Great Bull! Smashed! The great corner smashed! Jadwin busted! They themselves saved, saved, saved! Cheer followed upon cheer, yell after yell; hats went into the air. In a frenzy of delight men danced and leaped and capered upon the edge of the Pit, clasping their arms about each other, shaking each other's hands, cheering and hurrahing till their strained voices became hoarse and faint.

Some few of the older men protested. There were cries of "Shame, shame!"

"Order—let him alone."

"Let him be; he's down now. Shame, shame!"

But the jubilee was irrepressible; they had been too cruelly pressed, these others; they had felt the weight of the Bull's hoof, the rip of his horn. Now they had beaten him, had pulled him down.

"Yah-h-h, whoop, yi, yi, yi. Busted, busted, busted. Hip, hip, hip, and a tiger!"

"Come away, sir."

Landry was pleading with Jadwin, clutching his arm in both his hands, his lips to his chief's ear to make himself heard above the yelping of the mob.

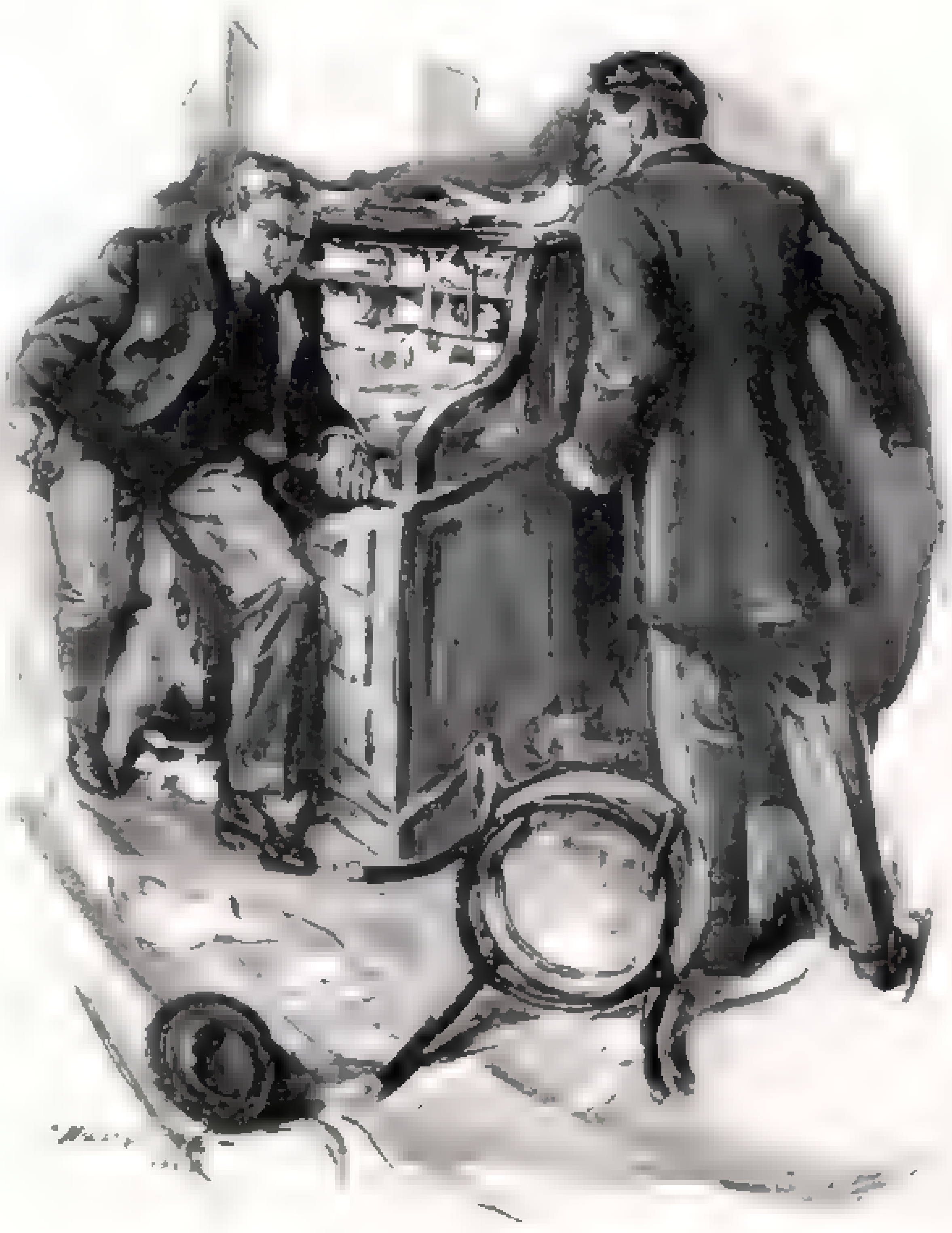
Jadwin was silent now. He seemed no longer to see or hear; heavily, painfully he leaned upon the young man's shoulder.

"Come away, sir—come away!"

The group of traders parted before them, cheering even while they gave place, cheering with eyes averted, unwilling to see the ruin that meant for them salvation.

"Yah-h-h. Yah-h-h, busted, busted!"

Landry had put his arm about Jadwin and gripped him close as he led him from the Pit. The sobs were in his throat again, and tears of excitement, of grief, of anger and impotence were running down his face.



"CURSE YOU, SAM GRETRY, FOR THE MAN WHO FAILED ME IN A CRISIS!"

"Yah-h-h. Yah-h-h, he's done for, busted, busted!"

"D——n you all!" cried Landry, throwing out a furious fist. "You brutes, you beasts! If he'd so much as raised a finger a week ago you'd have run for your lives."

But the cheering drowned his voice; and as the two passed out of the Pit upon the floor the gong that closed the trading struck, and, as it seemed, put a period, definite and final, to the conclusion of Curtis Jadwin's career as speculator.

Across the floor toward the doorway Landry led his defeated captain. Jadwin was in a daze; he saw nothing, heard nothing. Quietly he submitted to Landry's guiding arm. The visitors in the gallery bent far over to see him pass, and from all over the floor, spectators, hangers-on, corn and provision traders, messenger boys, clerks and reporters came hurrying to watch the final exit of the Great Bull from the scene of his many victories and his one overwhelming defeat.

In silence they watched him go by. Only in the distance from the direction of the Pit itself came the sound of dying cheers. But at the doorway stood a figure that Landry recognized at once—a small man, lean-faced, trimly dressed, his clean-shaven lips pursed like the mouth of a shut money-bag, imperturbable as ever, cold, unexcited—Calvin Crookes himself.

And as Jadwin passed Landry heard the Bear leader say:

"They can cheer now all they want. They didn't do it. It was the wheat itself that beat him; no combination of men could have done it—go on, cheer, you fools! He was a bigger man than the best of us."

With the striking of the gong and the general movement of the crowd in the galleries toward the exits Page rose, drawing a long breath, pressing her hands an instant to her burning cheeks. She had seen all that had happened, but she had not understood. The whole morning had been a whirl and a blur. She had looked down upon a jam of men, who for three hours had done nothing but shout and struggle. She had seen Jadwin come into the Pit, and almost at once the shouts had turned to cheers. That must have meant, she thought, that Jadwin had done something to please those excited men. They were all his friends, no doubt. They were cheering him—cheering his success. He had won, then! And yet that announcement from the opposite balcony, to the effect that business with Mr. Gretry must be stopped immediately! That had an ominous ring. Or perhaps that meant only a momentary check.

As she descended the stairways with the departing spectators she distinctly heard a man's voice behind her exclaim:

"Well, that does for him!"

Possibly, after all, Mr. Jadwin had lost some money that morning. She was desperately anxious to find Landry and to learn the truth of what had happened, and for a long moment after the last visitors had disappeared she remained at the foot of the gallery stairway, hoping that he would come for her. But she saw nothing of him, and soon remembered she had told him to come for her only in case he was able to get away. No doubt he was too busy now. Even if Mr. Jadwin had won, the morning's work had evidently been of tremendous importance. This had been a great day for the wheat speculators. It was not surprising that Landry should be detained. She would wait till she saw him the next day to find out all that had taken place.

Page returned home. It was long past the hour for luncheon when she came into the dining-room of the North Avenue house.

"Where is my sister?" she asked of the maid as she sat down to the table; "has she lunched yet?"

But it appeared that Mrs. Jadwin had sent down word to say that she wanted no luncheon; that she had a headache and would remain in her room.

Page hurried through with her chocolate and salad, and ordering a cup of strong tea carried it up to Laura's "sitting-room" herself.

Laura, in a long tea-gown, lay back in the Madeira chair, her hands clasped behind her head, doing nothing apparently but looking out of the window. She was paler even than usual, and to Page's mind seemed preoccupied, and in a certain indefinite way tense and hard. Page, as she had told Landry that morning, had remarked this tenseness, this rigidity on the part of her sister, of late. But to-day it was more pronounced than ever. Something surely was the matter with Laura. She seemed like one who had staked everything upon a hazard and, blind to all else, was keeping back emotion with all her strength, while she watched and waited for the issue. Page guessed that her sister's trouble had to do with Jadwin's complete absorption in business, but she preferred to hold her peace. By nature the young girl "minded her own business," and Laura was not a woman who confided her troubles to anybody. Only once had Page presumed to meddle in her sister's affairs, and the result had not encouraged a repetition of the intervention. Since the affair of the silver matchbox she had kept her distance.

Laura on this occasion declined to drink the tea Page had brought. She wanted nothing, she said; her head ached a little; she only wished to lie down and be quiet.

"I've been down to the Board of Trade all the morning."

Laura fixed her with a swift glance; she demanded quickly:

"Did you see Curtis?"

"No—or, yes, once; he came out on the floor. Oh, Laura, it was so exciting there this morning. Something important happened, I know. I can't believe it's that way all the time. I'm afraid Mr. Jadwin lost a great deal of money. I heard some one behind me say so."

"Did Curtis say he was coming home this evening?"

"No. Don't you understand? I didn't see him to talk to."

"Well, why didn't you, Page?"

"Why, Laura, honey, don't be cross. You don't know how rushed everything was. I didn't even try to see Landry."

(Continued on Page 20)

THE
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The paid circulation of the January 10th number of The Saturday Evening Post was 432,000 copies.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was originally $2.50. About two years ago we announced that for the purpose of introducing the magazine more generally we would accept subscriptions at $1.00 the year. Our object in making that offer has now been accomplished. The magazine is known in every part of the country. It occupies a position enjoyed by no other weekly magazine published.

We want to make THE POST still better, to add more pages, and still further to raise its literary and artistic standard. It cannot be done for $1.00 the year. To accomplish what we desire we must now withdraw the temporary offer and take up our original plans where they were laid aside two years ago.

On the first of February the subscription price will be increased to $2.00 the year. No orders which bear a postmark subsequent to January 31, 1903, can be accepted at the present price of $1.00.

Those who are not already regular subscribers should send their orders at once. Those who are already subscribers may, until February 1, renew their subscriptions for one or more additional years at the present price of $1.00 the year, to begin at the expirations of their present terms of subscription.

This is the last chance to secure THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for one dollar.

The Man—Not the Money

ARE nations as blind as individuals to the real meaning of their own lives?

A keen-eyed Englishman said the other day that the only picturesque features in American life were our colored races. But how many of us would agree with him? We should look on a brisk day in the Stock Exchange or a Chicago skyscraper as far finer and more suggestive sights than a Navajo studying electrical engineering, or an old negro Maumer peering with her bleared eyes into the coming years to find what they were bringing to her black sons.

Probably no stranger sight was offered in this country last year than a meeting held in Philadelphia in behalf of a training school for colored working people

An ex-President of the United States presided, and the chief speaker was a negro, born a homeless, nameless chattel, but who ranks now among the foremost genuine orators of the country

The significance of the incident was not in the school, nor in the white man, nor in the black. It was in the Chance which this country offers to the individual, the possibility in it for a black slave to push his way up and up

The Chance for the strange live force in a man to do something, to take its share in the work of the big, seething world—that is the real significance of this country among nations, after all

One of the most important events in American history occurred about twenty years ago in a dusty little court-room in a Nebraska town.

A peaceable Indian tribe that had tilled the same ground for three hundred years were robbed of it by swindling agents at Washington, and were driven to the marshes of the Bad Lands, leaving their grain uncut and the fires burning on their hearths. They died like poisoned sheep. At the end of a year, gathering up the bones of their dead, they came back. The journey of the Israelites through the desert or the famous flight of De Quincey's Tartar tribe was not more tragic than the march of these red men, seeking again the homes of which they had been robbed. They were arrested in a town of Nebraska and the head men were brought into court. The agent for the Government demanded that they should be sent back to the Bad Lands on the plea that not being legally recognized as human beings in this country they could not own their homes nor farms, nor appeal to the law for restitution.

One of the chiefs gathered the meaning of these words. He rose, drew himself to his full height, and looking slowly around on the whites that filled the court-room, tapped himself gravely on the breast and said

"Am I not, too—a man? '

The Judge, a just, sane man, decided that an Indian was a person, not a chattel, and entitled to the full protection of the law.

That decision still stands. It opened the Chance for the red man.

Do we see what that means?

We are apt nowadays to think that the work before each of us and the country is to get money and things. Money and things don't last. Let Professor Heilprecht tell you of the great Babylonish empire which he is digging out of the sand.

It is the Man who lasts, and the work of this Republic is the making of the man, not money.

Concerning Your Neighbor's Business

MANY and varied are the alleged occupations that give a plausible excuse for neglecting one's own immediate work of the home and the day. None—not even minding one's neighbor's business—is so fascinating and dignified as searching the horizon for the mast-tops of remote calamities. It invests one with the air of patriotic concern. It gets one the reputation of being a thinker and a prophet—who remembers the shivery predictions of "calamity howlers" long enough to jeer at them as false prophets? And no one suspects that the "thinker" and "prophet" is simply an idle fellow who cannot endure the drudgery of useful work.

Just now this class of thinkers is greatly concerned, and has induced many busy people to be greatly concerned, over the growth of socialism and kindred isms. "Look at the socialist vote," they say. "Look at the strikes. Look at the attacks upon the right to work Look at the acquiescence of press and politicians "

It is true there is an unprecedented amount of socialistic activity, and there was last November a socialist vote of 300,000, and there are many unpleasant signs of an unwholesome discontent. But when these matters are rightly considered, is there any cause in them for alarm, or even for amazement or even for astonishment? Is not the wonder rather that there has been and is so little unhealthy and un-American discontent?

Within the last fifteen years the rising standards of the European masses and the increasing burden of caste, monarchy and militarism have caused the socialistic propaganda which Karl Marx started with his Das Kapital to spread with the swiftness of a prairie fire in dry weather among the working-classes of the various European nations. And within the past ten years there have poured into this country from the fiercest "hotbeds" of European discontent—from Italy, from the most socialistic parts of Germany, Russia and Austria—no less than five million immigrants, almost all from the oppressed laboring class. They were wretchedly poor; they were densely ignorant; they were bitter against the social order as they have known it all their lives. And instead of spreading out over the country, on farms and in the villages as did former immigrants, they have huddled together in the cities and larger towns, each successive billow pushing in upon those that preceded it.

Within this mass is vaguely outlined a vast collection of foreigners in spirit as well as in language—a multitude who do not know their new country in its history, in its laws, in its customs, in its ideas. They are full of political and social notions natural to the oppressed of their native lands, but wholly alien to us. They exaggerate every small discomfort into an outcropping here of the conditions from which they fled; they fancy that only the most drastic remedies will cure these largely imaginary grievances. They blame their new country for misfortunes chargeable to their own lack of knowledge of its ways. And their leaders are, of course, saturated with socialistic theories. Finally, these theories are tolerated and encouraged by scholarly and philanthropic persons who have unfortunately read European history and sociology to the neglect of the history and sociology of their own democratic Republic. These facts do not constitute a menacing or even an especially difficult problem. On the contrary, the problem is one which time and common sense and the fifty-odd million native Americans and the millions of assimilated foreign-born and native-born of foreign parentage will readily solve. If the Republic were not founded wholly upon principles of justice and right, if there were radical wrongs of iron caste and entrenched privilege, if we had not schools and colleges in abundance and the atmosphere of reasonableness, there might be cause for jangling the alarm bells. But we started right nationally, we are still in business for the benefit of the common man; and the most blinded and prejudiced cannot fail to see it after a while

Of Mortgages and Marquesses

PERSONAL statistics and uncontradicted statements about the titled families of Europe show a shriveling of posterity that must be extremely painful to the idolaters of blue blood and the worshipers of rank. In some of the nations, especially the smaller ones, the shrinking process has affected the nobility to such an extent that it cannot scare up enough energies and brains to fill the offices, and it has been necessary to import these qualities from the common herds. In more than one of the great countries the changes of the times and the irreverent tendency of mortgages and bills to fall due have found the bearers of proud names unable to do so small a thing as earn a living. In brief, throughout all Europe a very considerable part of the wearers of titles must face bankruptcy without so much as a hope of ever getting out of it.

It would be easy to find some satisfaction in this, if only for our contempt for titles—a feeling which most of us profess and which few of us really have. But the instance goes far beyond the mere capital letters and gilt baubles which the noble seigniors wear. It illustrates as nothing in modern life has ever done the certainties and the conditions that prevail in any civilization—be it under royal banners or democratic shields—when families rooted in distinguished ancestry go to seed. We have known it in this country; there is not a State that could not supply an example to-day, and each generation finds its surplus of vain, empty, impoverished and ineffective gentility. And with all the reverence we confess for great names, we are often driven to declare that about the worst nuisance that breathes is this same dried-up gentility It is bad enough when it wears petticoats, but when it minces along in trousers the healthy man, with good blood in him, feels as though there might be exceptions to the modern ukase against spanking

It would not be fair to place all the blame upon the one member of the line of deterioration. It all began, of course, when one generation commenced to bank on something besides its own worth and energy, that something being either a family name, a title, or a merit not intrinsically its own. After a generation of that, the next crop of boys and girls needed miracles to make them worth their salt, and the longer this sort of thing went on, the smaller and more attenuated the dribbles.

But it really isn't so hopeless as it may seem. We recall the man wrestling with Hercules. He had his troubles, but every time he touched the earth he was made stronger. So it is with many of the fortunate families of life. They have to be thrown to the earth before they get their best qualities. In this country we say that it is only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. In Europe the rounds are much longer. Perhaps we have in this very difference another of the many explanations of the super-excellence of American energy and initiative. But we should not be too proud There is good material in the nobility, and if Fate slams it to earth hard enough it will get into its posterity some of the force that made its ancestry rich and glorious.

UNSOLVED—By Ian Maclaren

An Unseen Presence

THE WRITING-MAN'S NARRATIVE OF A MYSTERY OF HIS COLLEGE DAYS

[illegible]

IT WAS agreed among ourselves upon the Moor that the Indian soldier had done his duty the night before in a simple and straightforward manner, and that an obligation lay on the rest of us to follow his lead There was a dispute in the evening between the writing-man and the barrister which should go first, and so much time was being lost that we called upon the soldier to order either he pleased to the front, and he chose the writing-man because he hoped the professional skill in story-telling would make up for his own poverty of speech the night before. And after we had all protested that nothing could have been better than the soldier's description of his midnight skirmish in the sixteenth century, and after we had insisted that the writing-man was not to dazzle us with the preciosities of literary style, or foist upon our simplicity some elaborately wrought fiction, we lay back in our chairs and this was the story he told

"Though I have been a citizen of many places, and have no local roots, I took my degree at Edinburgh, and am proud of that slight connection with the austere capital of Scotland. Last week I traveled over Edinburgh on the top of an electric car to enjoy the glory of Princes Street once more, and to revive certain memories of the past in grayer streets and less fashionable quarters. In the afternoon I found myself in what is called the South Side, a district of which the West End of Edinburgh professes to be ignorant, but where a considerable number of well-doing citizens live and bring up their families, and which is much frequented by students. I did not notice where we were till suddenly, at a stoppage of the car, I looked up and saw above me the top floor of a four-story building, and a corner room with a window on the main street and one on a narrow lane at the side. At the sight of that commonplace room, I started from my seat and left the car as by a sudden masterful attraction. It was not simply that in the days of long ago a student had lived and worked and had good fellowship in that room, for he had other lodgings in Edinburgh which he would not have looked at twice, and some of which he had forgotten. It was because the sight of that room, even from the roof of a tram-car, brought up before him the most inexplicable experience of his life, and the most gruesome.

"It came upon me that I should like, so far as might be, to renew the impression of more than thirty years ago, and I went up the lane and stood at the door which gives access to the flats above. I rang the upper bell, and noted from the brass plate that a maiden lady was now the tenant of the house—Miss Jane McKittrick. The door was opened from above by an ingenious arrangement which I used to admire because it secured the privacy of the stair, and saved the servants from the inconvenience of coming down with the call of every visitor. I mounted the familiar steps, and remembered how in a panic of my heart I had thought of bolting down them once in the early morning of a winter day, that I might escape from I knew not what, but, at any rate save myself, soul and body, from an awful and hostile Presence. When a trim and demure servant—the handmaid of an elderly, highly respected, unmarried lady—met me at the top of the stair, and seemed, so far as her face expressed anything, to ask what such a person as I appeared to be could want with her mistress, I came to myself and faced an embarrassing situation

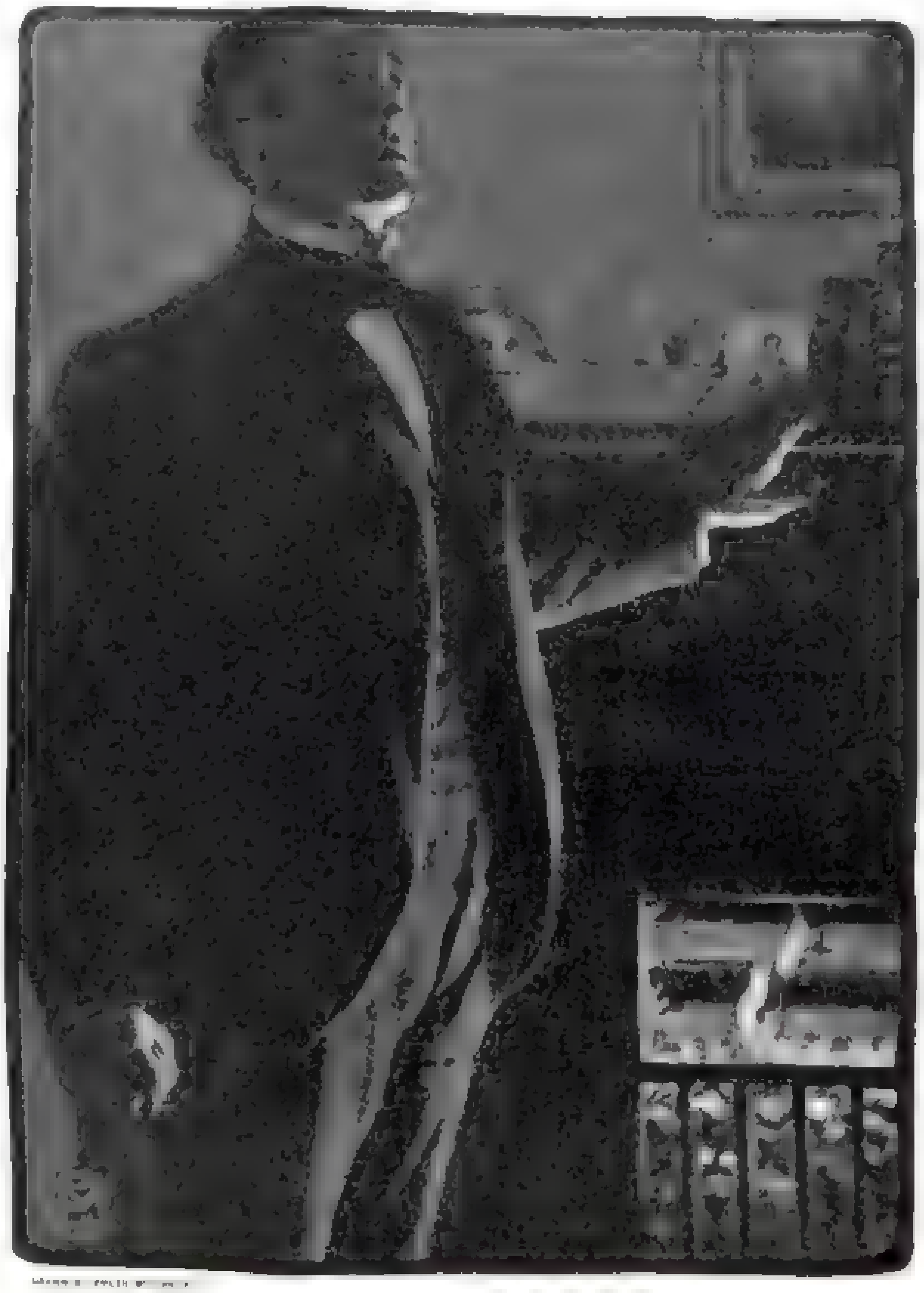
"I made a hasty resolution to be honest up to a point, and having by good luck discovered a card in my waistcoat pocket, I asked Elizabeth—for that was what Miss McKittrick called her, just as her young man would call her Lizzie—to take it to her mistress with my compliments, and to ask whether of her kindness I might see her for a moment

"Miss McKittrick was the tidiest and timidest of little single ladies and at first neither sat down nor invited me to take a seat; but after I'd thrown myself upon her mercy, and pleaded that I was a middle-aged and world-battered man who had bethought himself of his student days, and wished to see the rooms in which he had prepared for his degree, the good soul relaxed her natural reserve and her vague suspicion of unknown male visitors. She felt it was a lad's romance and she forgot her years and mine—there is no kinder soul than a sweet-blooded old maiden lady—and she not only bade me welcome to my old room, but with a nice tact she suggested that I should doubtless like to be alone for a little; so Miss McKittrick went out, closing the door, and left me with the past

"I took a chair as like the one I used to have as could be found in Miss McKittrick's room, and sat down at the table, and opposite me, nothing between us but mathematical books and sheets of paper, sat my coach on the night before *it* happened. It was all very well, you must know, in those days to be a fair scholar in Latin and Greek, and even to have the trick of prose translation from English into Latin; but unless you could pass a certain modest standard in mathematics and natural philosophy your classics would avail you nothing, and you could not get a degree. As I hated Euclid worse than anything except trigonometry, and had not the slightest interest either in the laws of light or heat, it was necessary that some practiced hand should cram me for the occasion—that is how I came to know McKinnon. It did not matter where I asked, or how I put my case, as soon as men got an inkling of the situation every one of them said: 'Get Angus McKinnon.' They said that there had not been for twenty years such a mathematician known in the University as this West Highland Celt, and that if he ever got to Cambridge he would take the Senior Wranglership walking, but that he would never get out of Edinburgh because he couldn't take his degree, never having been able even to translate Cæsar or to distinguish one Greek letter from another; that his power of calculation reduced the mathematical professor to silent admiration; that he was as familiar with the fourth dimension as with the University public-house, which was saying a good deal; that he could teach mathematics to a Highland cattle beast, and that he had passed men through that department of their degree who were barely sane; that he knew almost every question an examiner would ask, and crammed his pupils with answers which they remembered for about seven days and never understood; that his power of drinking was portentous, and that it was doubtful whether he was ever sober; that his temper was satanic, and his profanity an absolute monopoly, but that his genius for passing a fool through mathematics was beyond question. Therefore my friends agreed, with painful unanimity, that if I ever expected to get a degree I should secure the services of Angus McKinnon It was in a public-house that I found him about ten A. M., and it was evident that he had already been tasting, but he was sober enough to demand a heavy fee in advance, and to declare, after half a dozen searching questions, that he thought I was on the whole, in the matter of mathematics, the greatest ass he had yet come across. He added, however, that if I were willing, as he put it, to 'mind what I will be telling you, and to be working night and day, and not to be meddling with speerits'—which, he explained, was a temptation avoided by all mathematicians—'he would pass me through, or' (and on reaching this point he brought a gigantic fist down upon the table) 'he would see both himself and me in a part of the universe where the question of degrees would be of little importance.' As I looked upon him for the first time in that classic place—six feet two in height, forty-two inches around the chest, black haired and black-bearded, with a strong-cut face and gleaming eyes—I could see beneath the drinking, and the recklessness, and the swearing, and the roughness, that there was a strength of iron will and unquenchable manhood in Angus McKinnon

"Again McKinnon and I were facing one another across the table on which, under his fiery compulsion, I had been forced to drudge for two months as I had never done in all my life; and again McKinnon was showing me methods of solving equations so rapid and ingenious that even I could work them in a few minutes; and finally drilling into my mind the principles of geometry with such force that I remember a very few of them even to this day; and taking me through a hundred questions, out of which he was certain the examiners would ask twenty-five, and impressing upon me with triumphant emphasis that if I only stuck to the twenty-five he had prepared me for, and left severely alone the others he had not anticipated, and which with much frankness he implored me not to attempt lest I should reveal my idiocy, he was prepared to swear, and did swear at some length, I should pass the mathematics. When I showed any intelligence he was agreeable to the point of contempt, declaring that if my father had given me any real education when I was young something could have been made of me; and when I did not follow him in a short cut through a calculation he was fearsome, both in his looks and language; and when I had not worked for him as he expected he would lose all control, and sweep the books off the table, and storm like a bull. As I was not a boy, there were times when I was almost roused to rebel against this violence, but I frankly confess that there was a fierceness and a virility about Angus which had, to use the Scots phrase, put the fear of death upon stronger men than I was. Besides, one found that underneath the coarseness there was a heart in the man, and, even though it seems absurd to say it, a certain tenderness. He was honestly concerned about my passing much more than about his fees, although he had driven so hard a bargain. It was evident that he would be much pleased if I obtained my degree, although his own chance of obtaining one was the remotest.

"Frankly, I came to like McKinnon, and perhaps, through the insight of this sympathy, I began to speculate about the problem of his life. It was not a thing unheard of that a Celt should 'taste,' but that a man of such trenchant intellect and will-power should play the fool before the eyes of all men, and be the song of drunkards, demanded some solution. Had there been some tragedy in his life? Was his heart eaten by vain regret? Was he really a broken-hearted and hopeless man killing remembrance by alternate bouts of study and drinking? He never once alluded to himself or to his life, and he was not the man whom any one could question. One night he lit his pipe and stood upon the hearthrug looking into the fire, while I wrought out a problem he had set me, and, glancing to see whether he was growing impatient, I noticed that the fashion of his countenance had altered. The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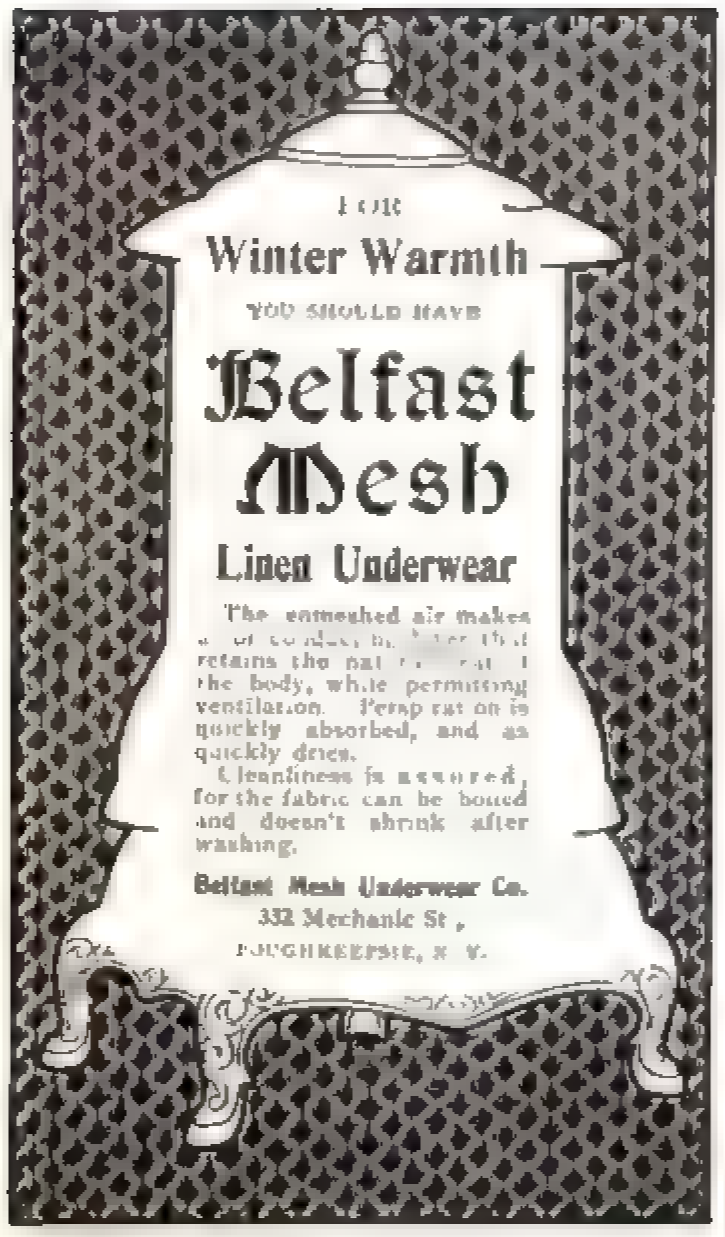
"FORGIVE ME, ANGUS McKINNON; I THOUGHT NOT WHAT I DID!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of five stories, each complete in itself, written around the general subject of unsolved experiences. The next will appear in an early number.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fierceness and the restlessness had given place to an expression of unspeakable sadness, and if ever I saw remorse and despair upon a human face it was that night. When we resumed work McKinnon was courteous as only a Celt can be and as he was on rare occasions when he seemed to come to himself. When he rose to go I took my courage in both my hands and tried to say what was in my heart. What I did say I really do not know, but he understood. He looked at me for what seemed a whole minute in silence, then he put his hands upon my shoulder. I realized how handsome McKinnon must have been before his face was coarsened — and he said: 'Pray God you may never do in an instant what you will be regretting all the days of your life — when it is too late — too late.' He left the room and let himself out. I had the sense not to follow, but from the window I saw him cross the street. I watched him till he disappeared, and that was the last time I saw McKinnon alive.

"Next day I sat for the mathematical exam., and as soon as I saw the paper was certain that I should pass. No wonder the incapables sang the praises of Angus McKinnon, and declared that the gift of second sight in the matter of examinations was given to that Celt, for seventy-five per cent. of the questions I had already worked over, and with the remainder I did not meddle. When I left the examination hall my heart was full of gratitude to McKinnon, and I expected to see him at the door, for it was his way to meet his pupils when they came out and to hurry them into some corner, to snatch the paper out of their hands, to run it over in an instant, reviewing the imbecility of the examiners in ever returning upon their own tracks, or acknowledging their genius in setting questions which he had not anticipated, and then dragging out from the unfortunate candidate what he had done and how he had done it, and what he had not done and why he had not done it; and then to announce to him with absolute infallibility either his success or his failure. Angus was not in the passage, nor in the quadrangle, nor lurking anywhere beneath the great arches of the entrance, nor in ambush at the gate. And I was inwardly cast down, for I knew that, thanks to him, I had done well, and, I confess it, I had hoped — having heard of such a thing — that he would shake hands with me. I hurried over to the University place of refreshment, into a back room which was a common haunt of McKinnon's. He was not there, nor had he called that morning. I inquired here and there among the men, but no one had seen Angus; and they began to remark upon his absence, for he was a figure on examination days. Once when Angus had had an international difference with four foreign students, none of whom attended classes for a fortnight afterward, and he could not appear himself for a single day, I had gone to work at his rooms; now, with a chill upon my heart which I could not explain, I paid my second visit. When his landlady opened the door I knew what had happened, and she, recognizing me, began a wail, as a right-thinking and well-read Scotswoman ought to do on such an occasion.

"'Come in, bye,' she said with many tears, 'come in, bye, I ken yer face — ye were here a fortnight last Wednesday. An awful dispensation, and terrible sudden, gaein' aboot yesterday as livin' like as oorsels, and lyin' cauld this mornin'. A solemn warnin' to be prepared, and no to be pittin' aff to the last; there to-day, and here to-morrow,' added the excellent woman with some confusion.

"'No but that he was juist himsel' last nicht, for ye could hardly tell that he had been tastin'. He cam hame aboot ten instead o' twelve, and he was that quiet that I jaloused (suspected) there was something wrong; and he was that ceevil I was quite concerned, and I asked him if he wudna be the better of a warm drink.

"'There's nae doubt that he was given to tastin', and it was awfu' what he could carry; and he micht let drop an aith at a time when he was contradicted; but eh! sir, he was a learned man, and though he never gaed to kirk, he wud never let a word be said against the confession of faith. There was an impident whipper-snapper o' an English student that he was tutorin', and didna the body speak aw' nicht in this verry hoose — for I heard it through the open door — against John Calvin? and if Mr. McKinnon didna give him sic a round o' swearin' — for there's nae doobt he was a grand swearer — that the cratur came oot o' the room as white as a sheet. I'll warrant the smatchit 'll no meddle wi' Calvin again,' said the landlady, with much appreciation of McKinnon's theological

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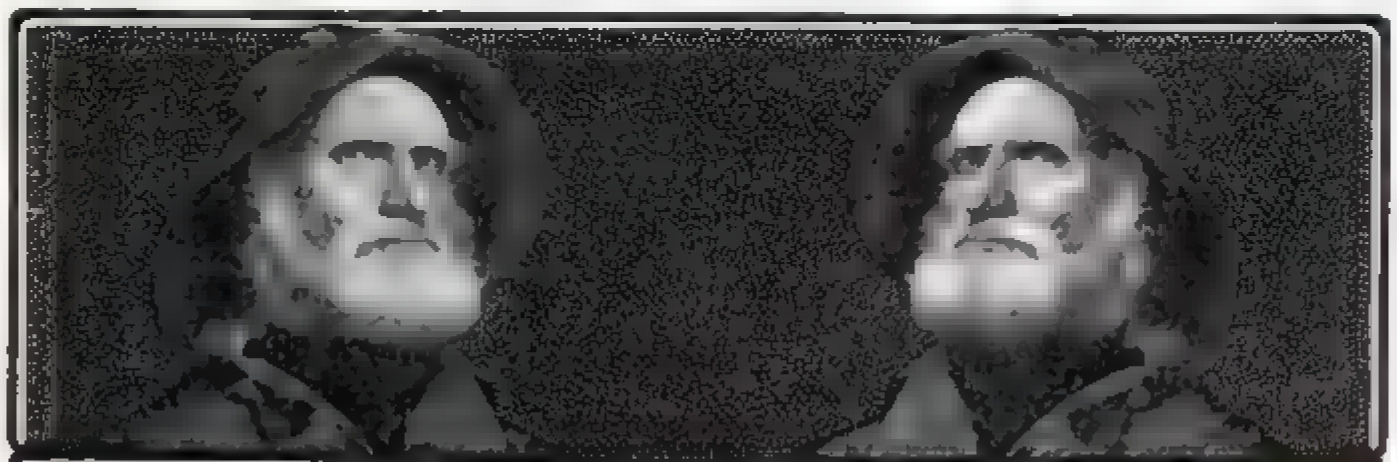
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accomplishments, both in faith and word 'A weel built and responsible-lookin' man and regular in his payments every Saturday night, though there were times he could hardly see the money. But we have all oor faults, sir, and his were upon the surface, and no worth mentioning the day. I'm judgin', from what he said to that Episcopalian bavent, that the root of the matter was in Mr McKinnon. Ye'll be wantin' to see him?' and the landlady dropped her voice

"It was in his sitting room, littered with books and papers, black with calculations, that the landlady had reviewed Angus' character, and now we passed into the little bedroom which opened from the other room, and I looked on my tutor. He had already been dressed for burial, and the landlady was satisfied with his appearance

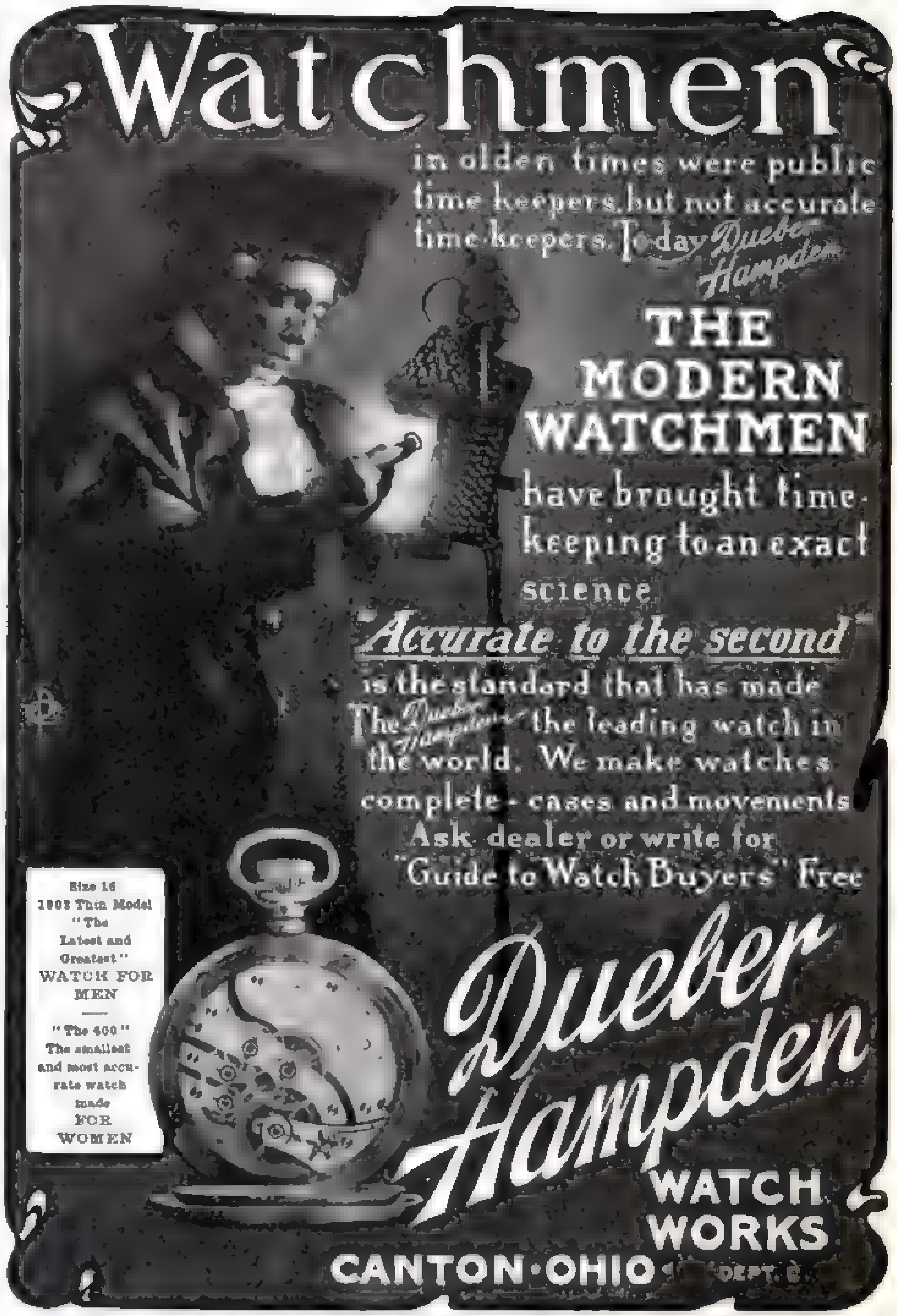
"'When we dressed him I found this little leather pouch hanging on his breast, and do ye see that it is sealed and that I havna opened it. Would ye tak charge o' it in case some friend should come to claim it? Ye micht open it to see if he has left any directions

"Once more I looked at my tutor; then, when the landlady had gone into the sitting room, I kissed him and bade him farewell realizing then that in the short time I had known him I had come to love McKinnon In the presence of the landlady I broke the seal and opened the little packet. It contained one short letter; but when I saw that the letter had no address, and was signed by a woman, I put it back in the case, and the case into my pocket, and told the landlady that it threw no light upon his family, but that I would keep it till it was claimed. I went to my rooms, forgetting that I had passed in mathematics and was now sure of my degree, and remembering only the tragedy of Angus McKinnon

"It was our boyish way to celebrate the evening after a degree exam. by attending a Christy Minstrel function and joining cheerfully in the choruses: but that night I shut myself in the room where I am, as it were, sitting while I tell this story, and which by every book and paper reminded me of Angus, and I mourned till night had passed into the morning. It is fair to take into account that I had been working for a fortnight till three in the morning, as well as the livelong day; that I had had no physical exercise, and had been intensely anxious—in short, that my nerves were over-strained; and now, upon the head of all, had come Angus' unexpected death, which in my heart I believed, and suspected the doctor knew, had been some form of suicide. The room was already, in my imagination, full of McKinnon before I took the packet out of my pocket and read the letter, at which before I had only glanced With the after-look I am free to confess that I ought not to have read the letter, and that in all the circumstances I should have destroyed it unread My excuse was then and is now, that it was not the curiosity of a stranger but the love of a friend that moved me, for I was convinced that I held in my hand the secret of Angus McKinnon. As I took the letter out I felt as if I should ask his permission, and for the moment as if across the table he had refused it with a fearful look, and had stretched out his hand to recover the letter. My fingers shook when I unfolded the single sheet which contained on one side the whole letter. The writing was that of a well-educated woman, who through weakness was scarcely able to form the letters, and had to pause between the sentences, and this is what I read

> "'*Dearest One* The doctor says that I am dying, and there is something I wish to say to you before I die. I will write as well as I can, and the letter will be carried by sure hands I have said that I slipped and was injured in the falling, and I charge you, as my last request, that you keep silence. I forgive you what you did, for it was your love turned into rage, and not your hand, which struck me You know now that I was never untrue to you, my heart's love, and I die loving you as you love me
>
> "'Your faithful MORAG.'

One understood it in a moment—his love for Morag, a girl of his own race by the name, though educated in the English speech, his jealousy of some other lover, his hot passion in some evil hour, and the ghastly issue which killed Morag and sent Angus forth to live in unquenchable remorse and self-loathing. As I held the letter in my hand I was conscious of a strange and penetrating sensation, and now words, I am afraid, will fail to convey my experience. It was as if a wind were pouring through some opening in the wall and filling the room with a new and strange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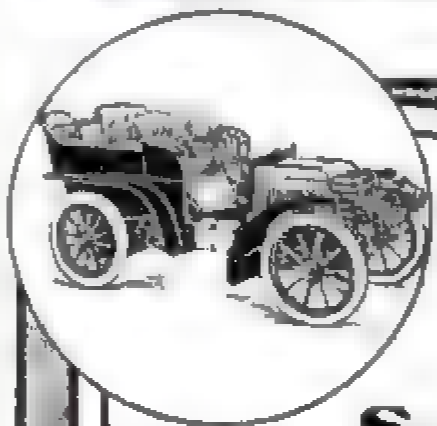

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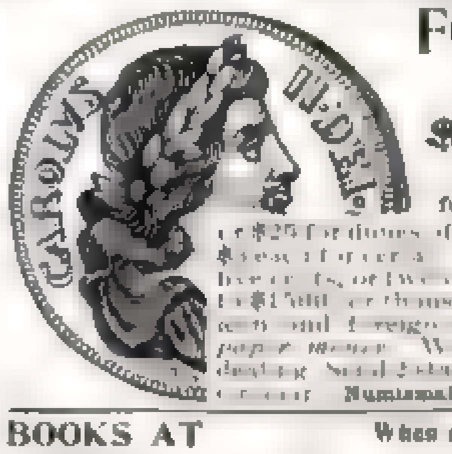

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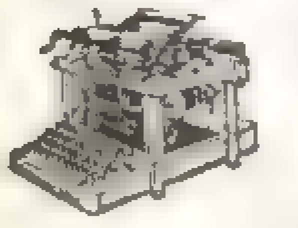

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atmosphere which surrounded me and chilled me. Holding the letter in my hand, I rose and faced the door as if IT had entered, and then I turned to the table as if some one were standing opposite me; then I made an effort and flung off the impression, and sat down again by the fire and read the letter again — I will not deny it — with tears. Poor Angus! Oh, the sorrow of things! I started to my feet imagining I had been touched, and looked round the room, where every corner was visible and in which every sight was commonplace. Where was IT? And now, under a compulsion, which I could not resist, of nervous terror, but at which I laughed within my heart, I searched the room — below the table, under the couch, in the shadow beyond the piano; and, still despising myself, I opened the doors of the chiffonier, in which nothing larger than a cat could have hidden, and lifted the lid of the piano. Nothing, of course. And although I did all this, I did not expect to find anything — I was not really looking for any visible person. Still holding the letter in my hand, I came back to my chair and was about to sit down, when, so far as I can describe it, the Presence in the room gathered itself together and came close to me and tried to master me.

"As I stood beside the table, my hands clenched and hanging by my side, and my feet rooted in the floor, the Presence flung itself round me as one would do who was trying to carry a person away; and although I knew not what it was, and knew not where it would carry me, I was convinced that I must resist with all my might, and that the resistance lay somehow in my will. If I — the personal being that says I — yielded for an instant, I should be lost, and the idea of lost, in the sense of yielding to this Presence, was charged with horror. It was a wrestle for life or death, and lasted perhaps only five minutes, and then the strain relaxed and I had for the moment conquered; I sank into the chair, and the perspiration rolled, rather in a stream than in drops, off my face. A horror laid hold upon me that, while the gaslamps were burning in the street outside, and I could hear the sound of a belated passenger and the distant rattle of a cab, while there were living people in the rooms across the passage, I was shut into this room with the other world striving to conquer me. How, I could not explain; and for what end, I did not know. If the strain continued long I should not be able to breathe. Making a great effort, I sprang to my feet and made a dash for the door. Before my hand was upon the handle the Presence was between the door and me, and I was beaten back to where I had been standing; and now, shaken and weakened, I waited another wrestle. When suddenly there crept into my mind the idea that this Presence was not really hostile, but was contending with me to gain some end which was not my destruction. Could it be that McKinnon was acting on me from the other side? — and the moment that I thought of him the deadly fear began to lift. He had sinned openly before us all, and he had sinned grievously in a way we had not known; but the soul within him was not bad, and the power of McKinnon — if he had any power — would not be for death. As I was thinking I was left untouched, as if IT understood that I was trying to understand. What ailed him, and what could he want? Perhaps it was the letter, and I opened my closed fist and found the letter there crushed into a ball. As I looked at it and gently unfolded it, the Presence seemed again to enfold me — but how feeble words are to bring out the experience! — now it was with a persuasive and informing touch. It was the letter, and then in an instant I understood. I had broken upon the secret that was between the man and woman, and having done so thoughtless a deed the letter might yet fall into others' hands, and the trust of Morag be broken. They were both on the other side; and while this letter lived their story on this side was not closed. All the time I was looking at the letter in my hand, and the Presence was around me. The fire was still burning, for I had been cold that evening, and had built it high. As I moved a step toward the fireplace — now it seemed as if I were being led and urged — I knelt down and thrust it into the heart of the fire; and as I did so the Presence seemed to gather round my head with a caress. I leapt to my feet and cried aloud: 'Forgive me, Angus McKinnon; I thought not what I did!' I was alone in the room again, and the soul of Angus McKinnon was at rest.

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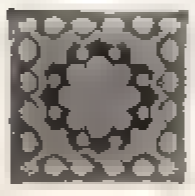

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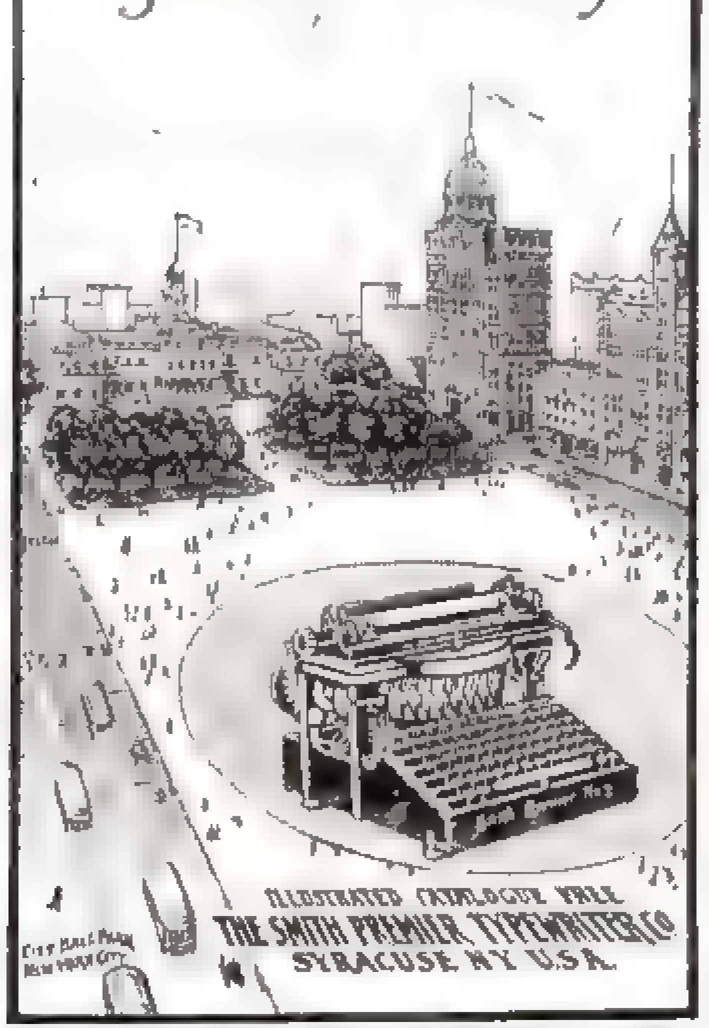

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A Mother of Bureaus

The Department of State at Washington has been shedding bureaus, so to speak, at intervals, for more than half a century. It will throw off, as a contribution to the make-up of the new Department of Commerce, a sub-department which hitherto has attended to the business of handling the reports of United States Consuls from all over the world, incidentally making up periodical statements in book form regarding our foreign trade.

It is surprising what a highly comprehensive branch of the Government the State Department was in former times. It was, among other things, the Census Bureau, and up to 1849 did all the work of counting noses. In early days it was also the Patent Office, and the first patents issued by the new fledged republic were signed by George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. Patents in Europe had always been royal grants, and are such still in some European monarchies; thus it came about that in the United States they were granted, at first, by the President.

The State Department, in early times, granted all the copyrights. Also, it had charge of all matters relating to the control of the Territories. And, as if this were not enough, it was the office of the Attorney-General, who in those days, though a member of the Cabinet, was a much less important personage than at present. He received less pay than any other of the President's advisers, and was expected to eke out his income by the practice of law, the Government work taking only a part of his time.

Even the pardons were granted through the Department of State in former days. It was a mighty busy establishment, one may well believe. But in 1849 the Interior Department was organized, and took unto itself the Patent Office, the Census Bureau, and the Pension business, which last had appertained to the Departments of War and the Navy. Also, it absorbed the Indian Bureau, which had belonged to the War Department, and it gobbled the Land Office, which previously had been a part of the Treasury.

The new Department of Commerce and Labor will comprise the present Department of Labor, the Bureau of Foreign Commerce (from the State Department), the Fish Commission, the Census Bureau, the Life-Saving Service, the Lighthouse Board, the Marine Hospital Service, the Shipping Commission, and the Bureaus of Steamboat Inspection, Statistics and Immigration.

Who's Who in Iowa

Iowans eminent in national affairs are justly proud of the mental as well as material resources of their State.

None the less they are enjoying a story of a superintendent of schools in one of the interior counties of Iowa who asked a class to tell something about L. M. Shaw, A. B. Cummins and Mrs. Ballington Booth.

Had the questions given Mr. Shaw and Mr. Cummins the title of Governor, a great cloud would have been lifted from the minds of the class. The unaccustomed initials were pitfalls, and some of the answers were surprising. Included in the children's statements as to the rôles played by Governor Cummins were the following: A pirate in the South Seas; an Arctic explorer; a noted minister in New York; a famous Revolutionary General. The strangest answer of all made Mr. Shaw "Aguinaldo's first assistant."

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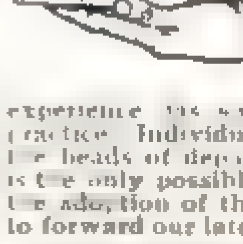

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Between the Lines

The Boomer Speaks

The literary boomer sat in his luxurious private office behind his mahogany roll-top desk and spoke regretfully of the glorious opportunities that went to waste during the so-called "golden age" of American letters

"Just think what might have been done with the authors of that period if a man like myself could have had the handling of them. Of course he would have needed all the modern appliances in the way of the telegraph, photographic camera, and so on, but give me those and put me back fifty or sixty years and I'd guarantee to make literature get up and bump itself

"Take Hawthorne; what good was his shyness if it didn't help sell his books? There ought to have been a tally-ho coach run from Lenox every afternoon during the season just to show folks how shy he was, and in the winter I'd have kept him busy declining invitations to meet the Four Hundred, just because he was so shy. Why, I'd even have him decline an invitation to the big dinner our house is going to give next week in honor of the three hundred thousandth copy of Old Uncle B'gosh, our great rural romance, though as a general thing our authors are not allowed to stay away from these feasts. It's going to be a great affair, by the way. Delmonico's banquet hall fitted up like a haymow, the waiters dressed in overalls and a Virginia reel of eighty-six authors after the dinner. You'll read about it in the next copy of the magazine

"Then there was N. P. Willis with his fancy vests Why, just think what could have been done with him in the way of color printing! There was Washington Irving, too, a high-toned, dignified gentleman that moved in the very best society of his day. Did you ever hear of his publishers working up a boom for his books as the one author in America who could depict society because he was thoroughly familiar with it, and then backing up the racket by working his name into the society columns every Sunday? My dear boy, if I'd had the running of Irving, he'd have gone to every big ball and party in New York, and I'd have had it in his contract that he had to, or else get his books published somewhere else

"But the worst case of all in the way of a neglected opportunity was Thoreau. There was a man who used to go into the woods and get so far away that they couldn't find him, except when his royalties came due. I'd let him go into the woods, too, but not more than ten minutes walk from a post-office or telegraph station, and I'd make him dress himself in skins and wear whiskers down to his waist and be photographed coming out of his cave, so we could boom him as the hermit of—what's that long name? Yes, that's right, the Androscoggin

"It just makes my heart ache when I think of that man never getting photographed in his fancy dress, never getting pretty near ate up by a bear, never escaping from the horns of a moose, never sittin' up nights to whisper to an owl, never even changing his name nor nothing

And with a sad shake of his head the literary boomer hurried away to close a contract for the advertising of a new brand of Good-Old-New England crullers that were to be eaten at the grand authors' dinner

—*James L. Ford*

The Author of Admirable Tinker

Mr. Edgar Jepson, whose stories about The Admirable Tinker have been appearing in these columns, is an Oxford man who was at Balliol in the days of the famous Jowett There he took his degree in Honor Greats and represented the University in cross-country running But he took an even greater interest in the advanced movement in modern literature and was a member of those famous and eclectic literary societies, The Dolores and The Ishmaelites. This interest brought him into contact with the Harvard traveling scholars of his time, notably with the philosopher, Mr. George Santayana, and the art critic, Mr. Bernard Berenson, who saw a good deal of him during their first visits to Oxford

On leaving the University Mr. Jepson accomplished the somewhat rare feat of putting behind him for a time the academic career with its associations and atmosphere. He said that people who lived in studies had better confine themselves to writing about books, while those who wished to write about life had better experience it. Therefore he

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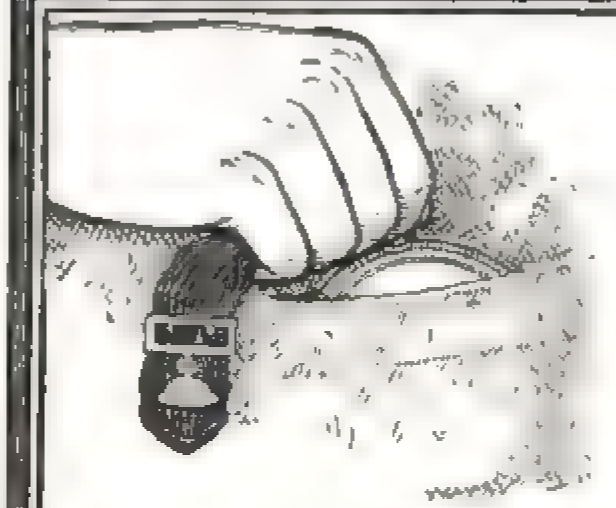

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traveled in France, Italy, Montenegro and the Holy Land, pursuing his exploration of life as far as the West Indies, for about four years. Returning to London he renewed his intimacy with his old Oxford friends and attempted the adventure of literature. He shortly made a considerable success with a novel called The Passion for Romance, which was quickly followed by other brilliant stories. This season he has published a go-ahead romantic narrative entitled The Dictator's Daughter, and a more serious but not less humorous novel, The Sentimental Warrior. There are not in England at the present time four other writers for whose work literary people look with more curiosity; and those Continental papers which keep in touch with English literary work never fail to notice him favorably.

The writer remembers him well on his entry into London literary life. Coming straight from the West Indies he had absolutely nothing to say about anything; now he has perhaps a trifle too much — most of it in a "grimsical" vein and painfully different from what every one else says. He is a slight, fair man with tired blue eyes, who cannot see the importance of a long face in being earnest.

A Mistaken Tribute

Not long since, King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited the Isle of Man, and very naturally Mr. Hall Caine was conspicuous among their entertainers. The photographers did their work as usual. In the conventional line which was formed with the King and Queen in the middle there appears the striking face of Mr. Caine near the King. There is also a boy who wears his hat while all the others except the King have bared their heads. Apropos of this there is a story. The youth who wore his hat was Mr. Caine's son. He was taken to task for his remissness in royal etiquette.

"Why did you keep your hat on?" his father asked.

"Well," he replied, "I thought whatever the King did was right."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the King kept his hat on, and so I wore mine."

The story reached the King with the photograph, and Edward VII is said to have been greatly amused at this misdirected proof of loyalty.

Cape Cod Ballads

The appearance of a new volume of honest, homely, genial verse is an event so infrequent that whenever a young writer publishes a collection of poems that are really worth reading and reading again, it becomes a genuine pleasure to accord to them a full measure of praise and appreciation. Such a collection is Mr. Joe Lincoln's Cape Cod Ballads *(Albert Brandt, Trenton, New Jersey)*.

To readers of this magazine Mr. Lincoln is perhaps best known as a humorist, as a teller of tales, a chronicler of the deep-sea adventures of sturdy shipmasters, or of the grocery store debates of village philosophers; but most of his prose work he has paralleled in his charming verse.

Mr. Lincoln is content to sing of the common things of life: and therein, perhaps, lies the secret of his success. An atmosphere of the past is apt to pervade his verse; he takes the reader back to boyhood scenes and recalls old-fashioned Thanksgivings, long Sunday mornings in the prim little church, summer days in old-time gardens, schoolday pranks, swimming, fishing, and the thousand joys of boy life in a New England sea-town. Perhaps the most striking characteristics of these poems are their simplicity and their sincerity. They ring true; they make one feel that the author is himself part and parcel of the scenes he pictures; that they are not only his birthright, but that they are part of him. Add to their simplicity and sincerity a mellow flavor of geniality, good humor and kindliness — with perhaps a savor of New England austerity — and one has a fair idea of what is in store for one's mental palate. It should also be said that in rhyme and rhythm Mr. Lincoln's workmanship is so smooth and free that lilt and metre seem but happy accidents.

The author of these ballads is a city man — an editor in New York — but his forebears, "Cape Codders" all, followed the sea for many a year and handed down to him that inbred love of salt water that a man loses only with his life. Mr. Lincoln spent his boyhood on the sandy arm that hugs Massachusetts Bay; and each summer he goes back to his old home by the sea and renews acquaintance with the men and places of his poems.

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C. P. Goerz Optical Works hereby wish to inform the intending competitors for the **International Prize Competition,** that at the request of a number of competitors in the English and French Colonies, **the date of closing this contest has been postponed until the 30th of June, 1903.** Competitors who, with a view to this alteration, wish to withdraw their exhibit or exchange the same, are hereby notified that their exhibits will be kept at the New York Office until the date of shipment to Berlin

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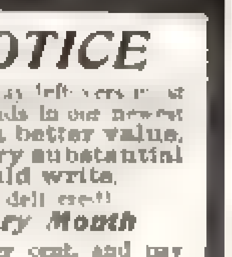

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THE PIT

(*Continued from Page 11*)

"Did he seem very busy?"

"Who, Landry? I ——"

"No, no, no, Curtis"

"Oh, I should say so. Why, Laura, I think, honestly, I think wheat went down to—oh, way down. They say that means so much to Mr. Jadwin, and it went down, down, down. It looked that way to me Don't that mean that he'll lose a great deal of money?"

Laura started up with a sharp gesture of impatience and exasperation, crying

"Oh, what do I care about wheat—about this wretched scrambling after money! He was busy, you say? He looked that way?"

Page nodded: "Everybody was," she said Then she hazarded

"I wouldn't worry, Laura. Of course, a man must give a great deal of time to his business. I didn't mind when Landry couldn't come home with me"

"Oh—Landry," murmured Laura.

On the instant Page bridled, her eyes snapping

"I think that was very uncalled for," she exclaimed, sitting bolt upright

"As much so as your telling me what I was not to worry about," Laura flung back "Worrying! What am I worrying about? Upon my word, you talk as though I did not want Curtis to attend to his business"

"But, you—you just said," protested Page, "that you didn't care anything about wheat, about his scrambling——"

But Laura interrupted her, clasping her hands about her temples, her eyes closed

"Oh, don't argue, don't argue," she cried "Oh, couldn't you choose another day than this—this day of all the year—to annoy me?"

"Why, Laura, dear, who is trying to?"

Laura wheeled quickly about, her hands clasped under her chin

"Oh, will you go away?" she exclaimed. "Will you go away? I shall scream! I shall scream in another moment"

And Page, bewildered, confounded, her heart none the less aching for her sister, could only take herself away as quietly and as quickly as possible

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

* * *

A Newspaper Knight

NEWSPAPERMEN will rejoice at the unique part played by one of their craft, Mr. John Callan O'Laughlin, in the present political storm centre of Venezuela

Mr. O'Laughlin started recently to be on hand in the Caribbean Sea to report the American naval manœuvres there. En route he visited Caracas. In that capital he readily foresaw that trouble of international moment was about to break out. Thereupon he cabled to New York canceling his newspaper engagements with Dewey's fleet

"The high places of Venezuela are good enough for me," he wrote to a friend in Washington

For twelve years Mr. O'Laughlin was a correspondent at the National Capital, assigned to duty at the State Department. There he became acquainted with many of the world's leading diplomats, and was regarded by them as not inexpert in their own line of statesmanship. His standing, for example, at the Russian Embassy was such that Count Cassini presented his name to the Czar, and that monarch made the newspaper man a member of the Order of St. Stanislaus.

When complications made affairs tense in Caracas President Castro denied himself to correspondents and otherwise handicapped them. At this point the American journalist thought of his St. Stanislaus button. Wearing this, he proceeded to the President's mansion The insignia of rank worked like a charm, gates and doors swung open as if by magic

Perhaps President Castro felt that an American journalist with influence enough to secure a decoration from the Czar of Russia was a possible international factor not to be ignored. At all events, Castro accorded him many courteous attentions, and finally summoning attendants the President ceremoniously and with assurances of esteem signed a decree conferring upon O'Laughlin knighthood in the Order of Caballero de Bolivar, and affixed the button of that order in the American's coat lapel. A further attention, and the one, of course, which the American reporter sought, was an executive permit to dispatch uncensored cablegrams.

"The novels he left are sufficient for his fame."—W. D. HOWELLS, in *North American Review.*

THE PIT

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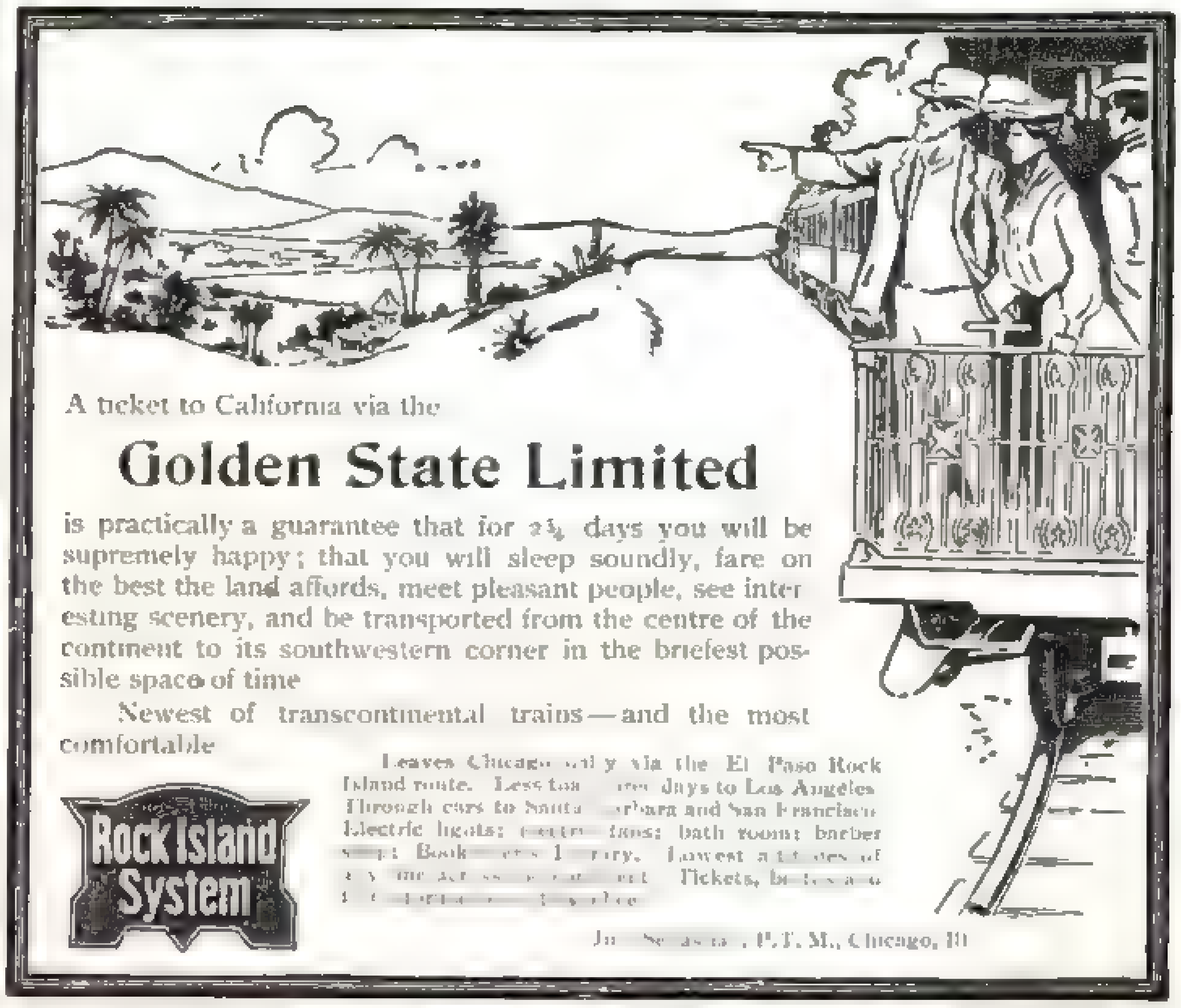
Date, *Address,*



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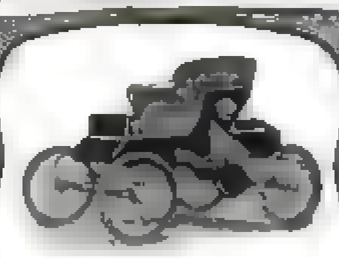

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The Admirable Tinker

(Concluded from Page [illegible])

Tinker was full of a quiet, restful satisfaction. But it was in the evening that the great triumph came. When she came out of her room in her evening frock, Tinker regarded her for a while with a satisfaction that was almost solemn, then he turned her round, looked into the big mirror at the end of the corridor, and said, "We match."

"Do you really think so?" said Elsie in an awed voice, with humid eyes.

"There's no doubt about it," said Tinker with calm, dispassionate and judicial impartiality.

When they came into the restaurant there was a faint murmur of delighted surprise from the tables they passed, and one stout but sentimental baroness cried, "*Voilà des séraphins!*"

And truly, if you can conceive of a seraph in an Eton suit, a low-cut white waistcoat and a white tie, there was something in what she said. At the sight of them Sir [illegible] smiled and Lord Crossfield said, "I congratulate you on your taste, young people."

"It was Tinker's," said Elsie; and she looked at him with a world of thankfulness and devotion in her eyes.

After dinner Tinker was uncomfortable: he felt bound to break to Elsie her uncle's desertion, and he was afraid of tears. With a vague notion of emphasizing the difference between her uncle's régime and his own, he led the way to the corner of the gardens where they had first met, and, standing before the seat on which she had waited so long and so hungrily, he said, "I say, don't you think we could do without your uncle?"

"Do without uncle?" said Elsie surprised.

"Yes; suppose instead of living with your uncle and his looking after you, you lived with us and I looked after you? Suppose you were to be my adopted sister?"

"For good and all?" said Elsie in a hushed voice.

"Yes."

For answer she threw her arms round his neck, kissed him, and cried, "Oh, I do love you so!"

By a splendid effort Tinker repressed a wriggle.

"We'll consider it settled, then," he said. Elsie loosed him.

With a little deprecating cough and a delicate tentativeness he said, "About kissing — of course, now that you're my sister, you have a right to kiss me sometimes; and — and — of course it's all right. But don't you think you could manage with once a day — when we say good night?"

"In the morning, too," said Elsie greedily.

"Well, twice a day," said Tinker with a sigh.

⁂

Tales of a Country Town

(Concluded from Page [illegible])

horror of an impending crisis. Homer Tibbetts was waiting for them at the main entrance.

"I got separated from you down there and came out alone," he said. "I've fixed it so that we can get in to see Choctaw Bill before the show opens up."

Ashen pale, a helpless thing carried along into the [illegible] of fate, "Bronco Jim" approached the private tent of his old friend and camp-mate, Choctaw Bill.

The flaps of the tent parted and the buckskin hero, at a swift signal from the attorney-at law, was holding "Bronco Jim" by the hand.

"Jim Tibbetts, put her there!" he exclaimed. "It's good for sore eyes to see you again. Miles was asking about you the other day. I told him that probably you'd run up from Musselwhite to see me. You saved my life more'n once and I figured that you'd be here to-day if you had to walk the whole distance."

Jim stood and listened with a ghastly smile, but "Doc" Clevison and the others were too much stunned and blinded to observe his confusion.

To this day "Bronco Jim" will sit apart from the others trying to explain to himself the miracle. It is all a vast mystery to him. But he has the satisfaction of knowing that any story he may choose to tell has the hallmark of authority. He was identified by Choctaw Bill.

Editor's Note — This is the first of a series of humorous sketches of the "characters" of a Western village.

That very old proverb about reaching the heart of a man is best exemplified with

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TO MAKE the last payments on a 350-ton smelting plant, and to have sufficient capital to be absolutely independent, the Majestic Company will sell a limited amount of treasury stock at a price which will quickly bring in all desired subscriptions. An opportunity to invest in this stock, which may steadily advance in value for generations, is offered. Some of our largest stockholders are business men whom we have persuaded to visit the properties or who have sent for our book "Above and Below the Surface." The present price, $7.50 — par value $10.00 — will positively be withdrawn next month (February). Only those signifying their intention of becoming stockholders before then can secure treasury stock at $7.50.

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Our new illustrated 44-page book, "Above and Below the Surface,"

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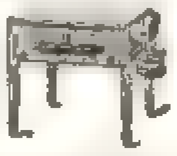

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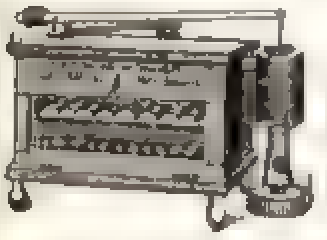

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THE NEW MEMBER

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Committee to Elevate the Condition of Labor
House of Representatives
United States

Washington, D. C.

SURMOUNTING the great dome of the Capitol is the figure of what Mr. Hitt of Illinois, the most genial, the most delightful, and the most witty of men, told me was Freedom, and Montague Lessler, of New York City, whose experience here is not much greater than mine, said was intended to represent Liberty; but whether it is Freedom or Liberty it ought not to be there, and in its place there should be an extra large brazen calf covered with the very finest gilt.

Of all places in our broad land this is the one place above all others where every man and woman worships at the shrine of the golden calf. Here we have put up an idol to the great god Success; we have erected to him our temples, and we have given to him high priests and acolytes. All day long one can hear the chanting of the priests and see the censers swung in his honor. The air is heavy with the perfume of incense burned in the sanctuary.

Yesterday I was in Senator Graham's committee room when a friend of his, a big New York banker, was also there, and they were talking about trust legislation. The Senator introduced me to his friend, who mentioned the names of some other Senators, asked how they stood on the trust question, and how much influence they possessed, and finally inquired about Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts.

"You get Lodge with you and you are all right," Graham said, but not with much enthusiasm in his voice.

"I am surprised at that," said the New York man; "is Lodge so all-powerful?"

"Lodge," Graham answered, "is the President's dearest and closest and most intimate friend, for the President himself has publicly said it. Lodge goes to the White House morning, noon and night; it is 'Theodore' on the one side and 'Cabot' on the other, and if that doesn't show how close the intimacy is then nothing else can."

"But why should that make him so influential in the Senate?" the New Yorker asked.

"My dear fellow," Graham told him, "simply because it means that Lodge has got there, and the man who has arrived, as the French say, is the man who is in Washington. If you can go to the President, if you can feel sure that whatever you may say to him will have its effect, if he will ask your advice and accept it — and the latter is more important than anything else — why, of course, in Washington you are the great man."

A Selfish, Jealous City

In our committee-room the other day, after the committee meeting had adjourned, three or four of us sat around the table gossiping, and to tell you the truth it seems to me as if members of Congress spend a great deal of their time in talking gossip and telling stories. Well, we got to discussing some of our associates and their abilities, and the name of a certain man was mentioned, and White, of Maryland, who was sitting at the head of the table smoking, turned to me and said:

"Turner, you are serving your first term and I've been here a dozen years, and if you want to stay here and succeed I'll tell you how to do it."

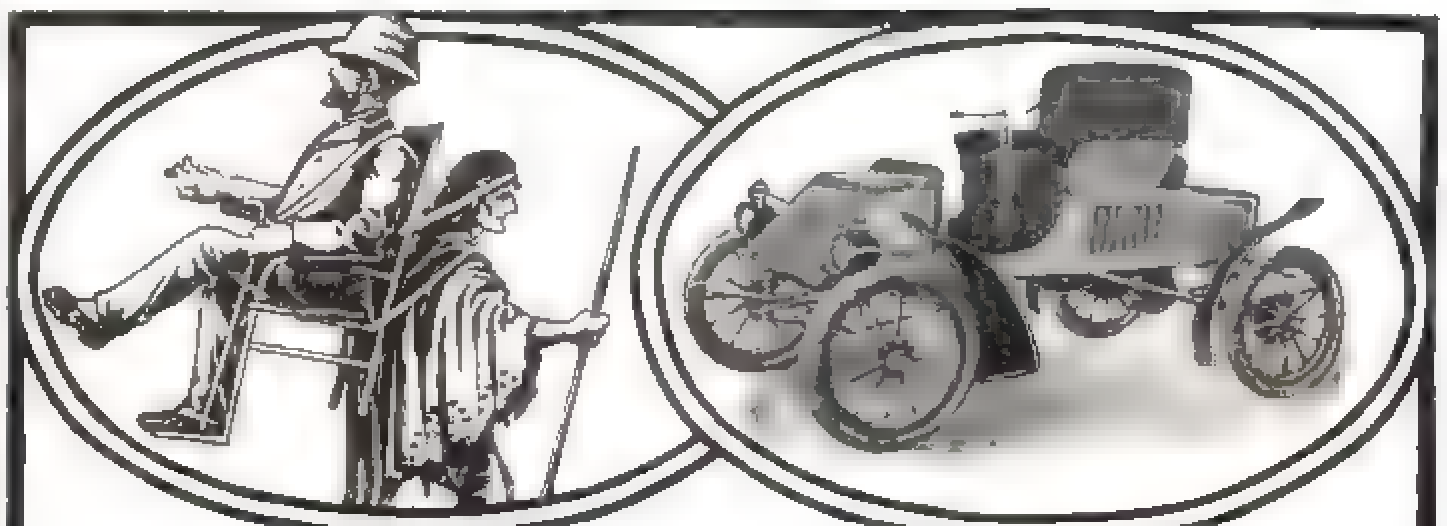
I said I should be under eternal obligations for the information.

"Then this is what you are *not* to do," White went on. "Don't waste your time working on committees; don't ever make a speech in which only a few people are interested; don't think that anybody else knows nearly as much as you do about anything.

"Those are the don'ts; now for the things you *are* to do. Before you make your first speech just go round to as many men as you know and tell them that you are going to speak and you want them to hear you ——"

"As a particular favor," Jones interrupted with a laugh.

"Yes, as a particular favor," White replied, "but as a particular favor to them and not to you. Say they will hear some things they don't know, and say it as if you owned the patent right on knowledge, and the majority in the next hour will be saying what a deucedly clever fellow you are; and as the able men in Congress are mighty scarce and too indifferent to care, they won't take the trouble to say anything. I tell you the trick is easy if you only know how to work it."



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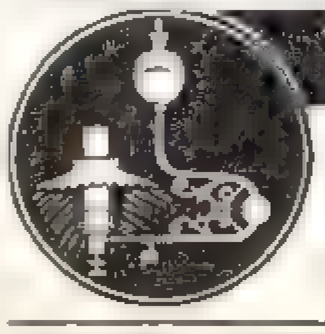

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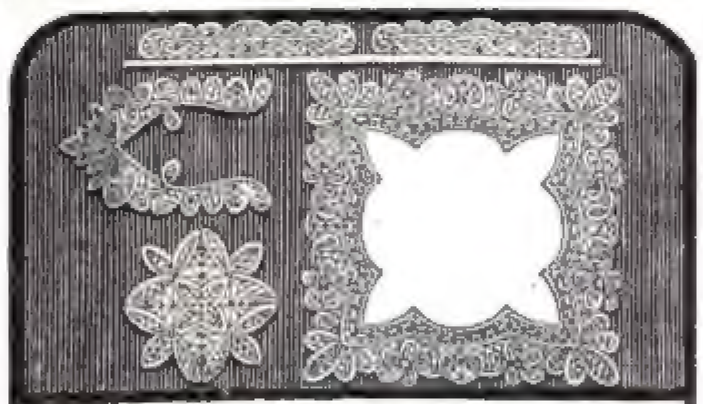

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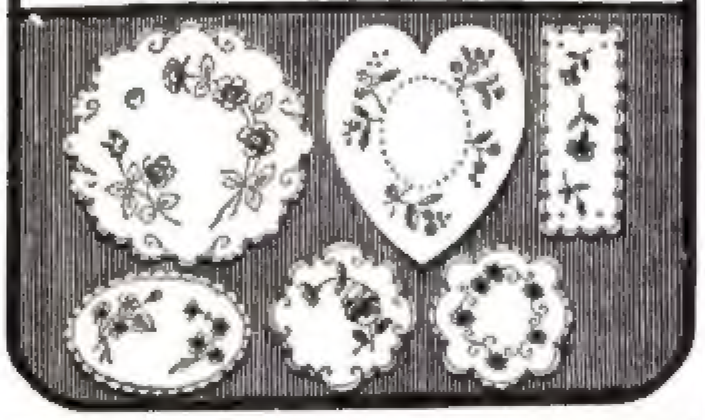

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I want to succeed here. I want to succeed here very much; but it is so hard, so disappointing, so different from what I thought it was going to be!

Washington is the most brutal place in the world. The House is full of good fellows; there are lots of them always ready to ask me to take a drink and a few who have invited me to their houses to dinner, and any number only too willing to tell me what to do and how to go about things; and yet, despite all that, if you were to search the country over for concentrated selfishness it is in Washington that you would find it.

Every man comes here determined on only one thing—to hold his job. Every member of the House wants another term, every doorkeeper and clerk wants to keep his place, and all he thinks or cares about is to draw his salary. If you think we legislate for the country you make a great mistake. We don't. We legislate for ourselves. Whenever we do anything we think about our districts and the effect it will have on us the next time we come up for election. I know this doesn't sound just as nice as you would like to hear it, but I am telling you the truth. I am not worrying about Massachusetts or New York, I assure you. My own little district kissed by the Pacific Ocean is my empire, and "my" people and "my" country are no longer empty figures of speech to me.

We are not only selfish but the whole life is hollow and artificial, and there is no place in it for the poor man, or for the woman who is really sincere and who prefers her home and her children to the mockery of society.

The Washington 400

At home, you know, we think that a Congressman is a very big man, and that he goes everywhere in Washington, that the President invites him to dinner once or twice a week, that Ambassadors are very civil to him, that people think it is an honor to know him, and that he is on the top wave of society and has nothing to do but enjoy himself and have a good time. It is fortunate people think that at home. As you asked me to tell you all about society and the people I meet, I will try to give you an idea of how things are.

At the top of the heap is the President, who has done more entertaining since he has been in the White House than any man before him. He delights in it; he enjoys meeting people and having them there to luncheon and dinner, and Mrs. Roosevelt is equally fond of giving teas and musicales. A White House invitation, especially to dinner, is what every one wants, and when a man receives an invitation to the White House he must go there, even if he has already accepted another invitation for the same evening. An invitation from the White House is like a command from Royalty, which only sickness will excuse one from accepting. Up to the present I have not had to cancel any other dinner engagement to obey a White House "command."

After the President come the members of the Cabinet, who give dinners or go out to dinners every night during the "season," which means from the time when Congress assembles until Lent. The only form of entertaining known in Washington is dinners. If you are in society you give a dinner to-night and to-morrow night you dine at the house of one of the men who was the guest the night before, and you probably meet half of the men and women who were at the table, and that is the way it goes on for seven nights in the week; yes, for seven, because life is too short to waste any of its evenings, and Sunday has to be pressed into service just like any other day. Among the diplomats Sunday is the day for luncheons and dinners.

Well, they dine and they dine and they dine. People never meet in Washington merely to talk, as they do in other places—as we do, for instance, at home. You are invited to dinner and you sit for two hours eating a great deal more than is really good for you, and sometimes you enjoy it and sometimes you don't, and whether you do or whether you don't depends a great deal on whether the girl or woman that you took in to dinner has any interest in you and you in her, or whether she wishes she was on the other side of the table talking to the man with the black mustache, who is evidently only too happy that he has been placed next to the girl with blue eyes in white satin.

I've been lucky. Bachelor members of Congress are not common. Judge Lancaster's daughter, Florence, is a charming girl, and the Lancasters are among the big society people. Miss Lancaster belongs to a swell dancing club, whose members dine at the houses of the chaperons before every dance

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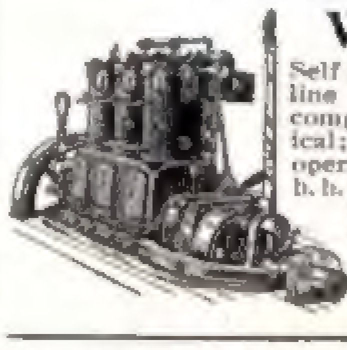

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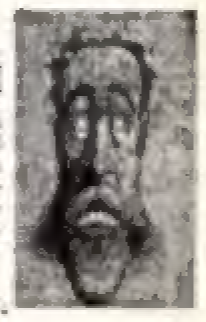

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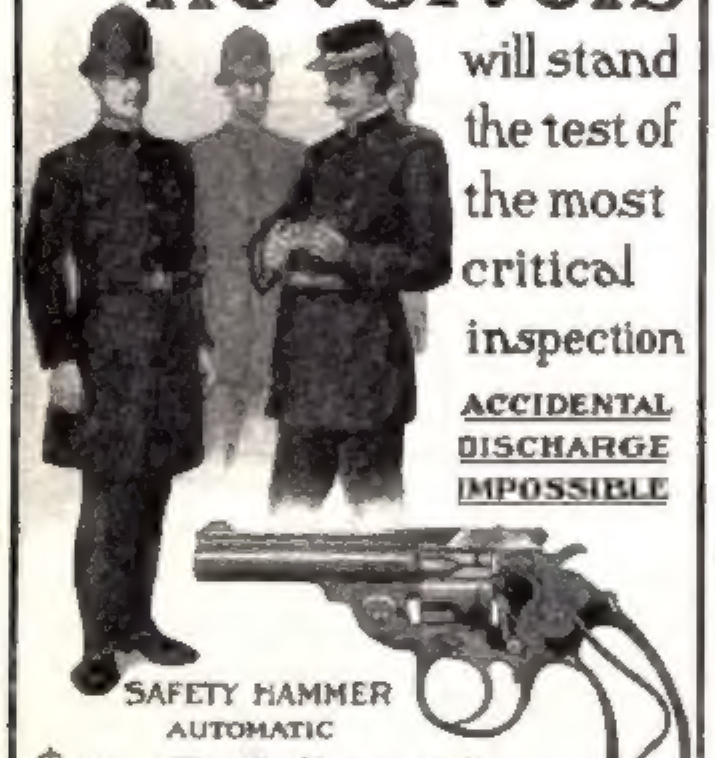

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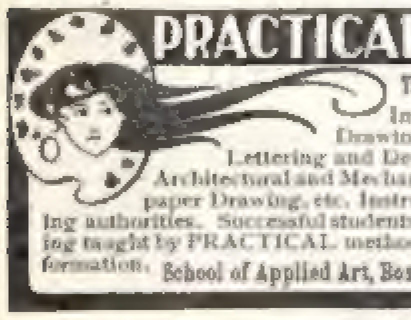

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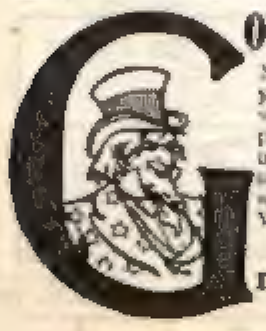

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—dinner dances they call them here—and she was kind enough to invite me to one of these dinners. Dinner was at eight o'clock—that's the fashionable hour—and lasted for a couple of hours or so, and then between eleven and twelve o'clock began the dance. By that time you are hungry again and you have supper, and it is three or four o'clock in the morning before you go to bed.

There is one thing quite certain—I may be able to draw a decent bill of complaint, but I can't write a connected account of Washington life because there are so many distractions that I start in one direction and then go wandering off on another tack before I get there. I began by telling how society is arranged here, and here I've wound up at four o'clock in the morning after having been out all night dining and dancing. Well, after the Cabinet come the big Senators who live in large houses and have plenty of money, and a few swagger Congressmen like Judge Lancaster, who have been here a great many years, who have fine houses and know every one, and if they have pretty daughters their invitations will never be refused.

Next to being a bachelor the best thing that a Congressman can be is the father of a pretty daughter.

The Best Job Going

Now I have given you the make-up of society in Washington, but I almost forgot the diplomats, who belong to a circle quite by themselves and rather look down upon all the rest. The best job going is that of an Ambassador for one of the European nations. The Ambassadors live in big houses, which are the property of their Governments, and are paid large salaries, besides having allowances for entertaining. They don't have much to do, so far as I have been able to find out, except to enjoy themselves.

That's the list of society, the Washington 400, and the rest of us never get our names in the papers outside of the Congressional proceedings and cut no more ice than Susan's dressmaker. Susan's dressmaker can go to the theatre and look at her patrons in the dresses she made for them, and so can we, and see Ambassadors and their wives and a lot more fashionable people, and we go to the White House to an official reception and shake the President's hand, and that's about as near as we ever get to knowing anything about society.

You can understand that the people who are in society don't really care for each other. Nobody in Washington has an intimate friend. Men may like each other fairly well, but a deep, lasting friendship is unknown. Life is too evanescent for that.

But it is interesting, it is the most interesting life you can think of. At home when we go into politics it is rather a small game that we play, but here we are playing the biggest kind of a game that you can think of, and the men who play it are experts and know every move to be made. I don't suppose you will like to hear me talk about Congress and legislation as a game, but that is really what it is. Take the fight we had over the admission of the new States. Senator Quay led the forces on one side, and Senator Beveridge, and Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, led the ranks of the opposition.

Senator Aldrich is the great boss in Washington; he has more real power than any other man, or nearly all the other men put together. Every Republican consults him, every man wants to know what he says before making up his opinion. And the curious thing about Senator Aldrich—so men who have been here a great many years tell me—is that nobody has yet been able to discover why he wields so much power or to imitate his method. He never appears to want anything for himself, he never makes a trade, he never asks for favors. Other men go on for deals, Aldrich never. If there is an important piece of legislation pending, men are in doubt as to the outcome until they consult Senator Aldrich, but when he has reached his conclusion every one is satisfied that the verdict has been pronounced. Senator Graham told me that in all his experience, in great fights over the tariff and other things, he has never known Senator Aldrich's judgment to be at fault.

I have met him on two occasions. He is a man with a charming manner and a brain that simply leaps at a proposition. He knows what you are going to say long before you have said it. I am told that he is the greatest authority on tariff and finance in Congress, and in addition is very well informed on all general subjects. He is the big boss in Washington. I'll tell you something about Quay, his opponent, in my next.

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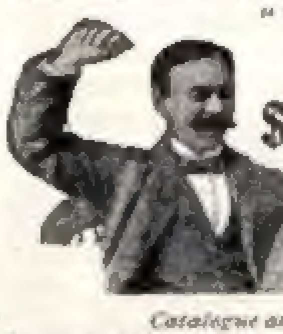

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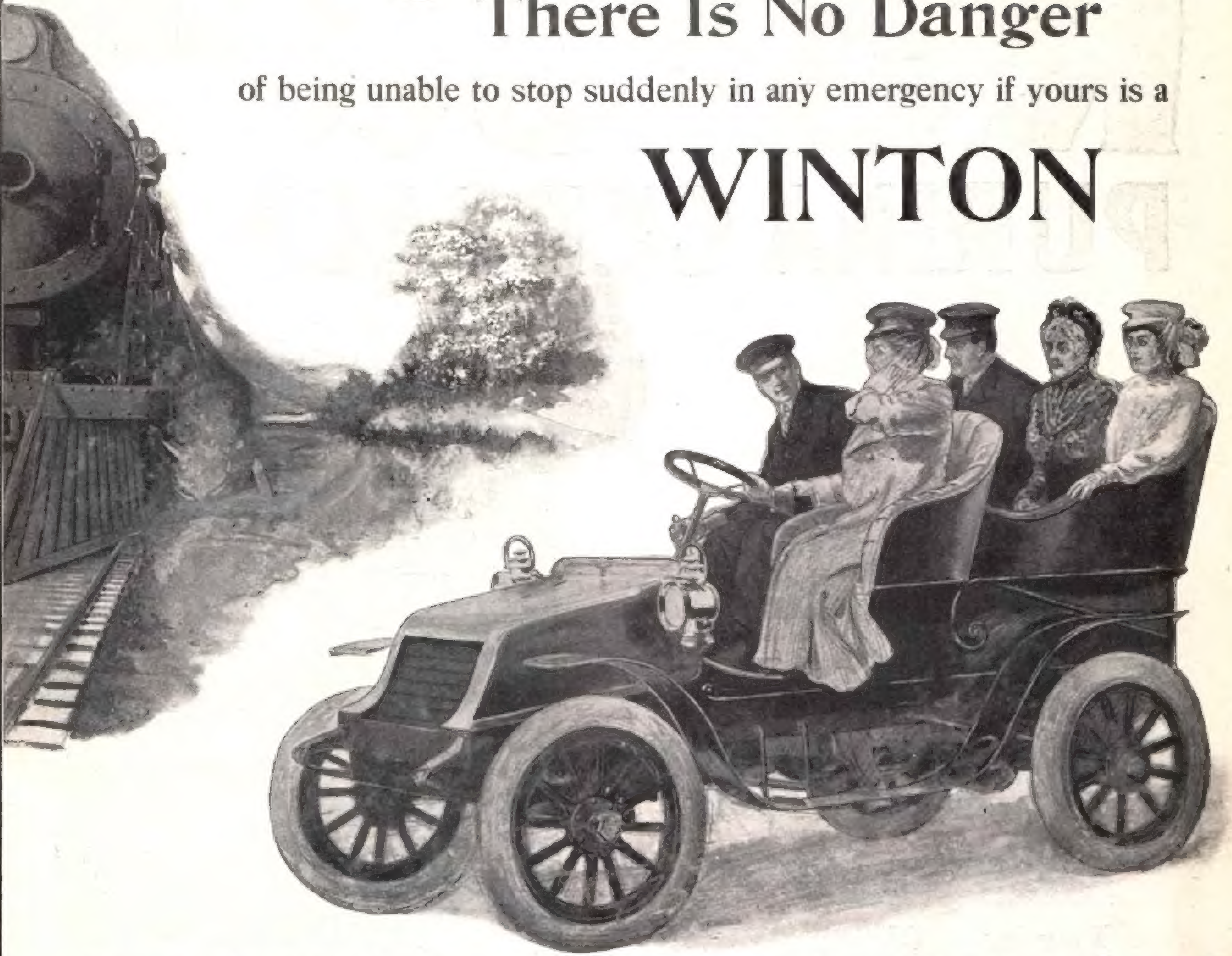

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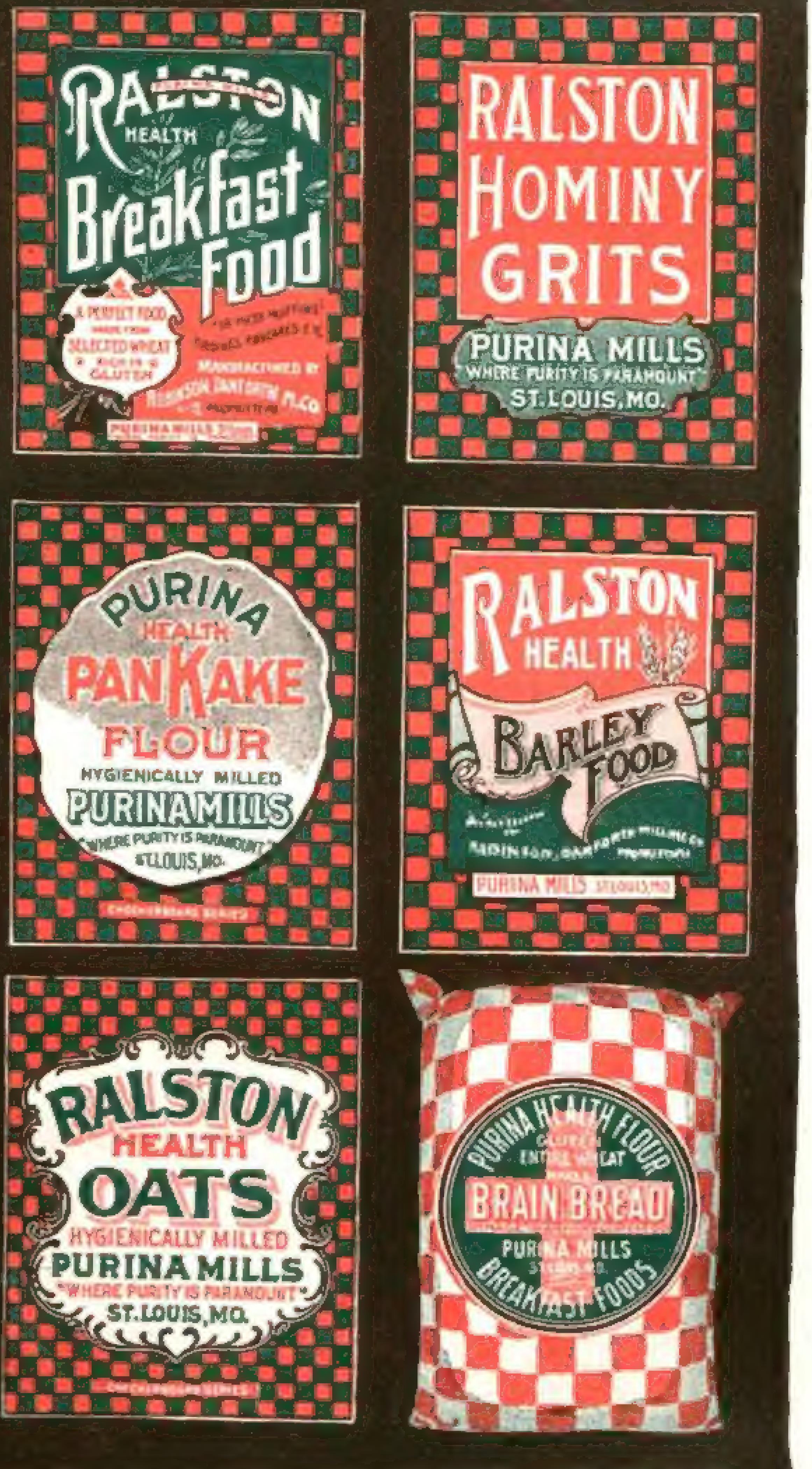
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